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MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

KURT SCHINDLER

VOL. I & II

$5

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MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

Collected and Edited by
KURT SCHINDLER

◆

The English versions by George Harris, Jr.,
Deems Taylor, Sigmund Spaeth and Kurt Schindler

◆

Vol. I. Twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky
Vol. II. Twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Rimsky-Kórsakoff, Borodíne, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff.

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PREFACE

This volume of twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky is offered to the public of America and all other English-speaking countries with the earnest hope that it may definitely and lastingly contribute to the appreciation and understanding of this greatest of innovators and prophets in modern music. While the success of his historical opera "Boris Godounoff" has firmly established his name with American opera-goers, and while the serene and lofty strains of his other operatic work, "Khovánshtchina," have found many admirers among those privileged to attend its few performances in Russian at Drury Lane, yet for several reasons Moussórgsky's operas do not permit a complete evaluation of his genius; first of all, because in dealing with subjects that picture to a large extent the life of the Russian people in its manifold aspects, Moussórgsky's fanatical love of veracity, coupled with a purposeful idealism that verged upon self-abnegation, induced him to let the people speak in their own medium, the Russian folk-song, which he knew how to incorporate in his work as no other before or after him (and we must admit that no "composed" substitute would have been as good). Another reason why a critique based solely upon these operas must lack in accuracy, is, that both works have been largely made over by Rimsky-Kórsakoff, not only in orchestration but also in the building of Ensemble-scenes and Finales. That this was done with the fine theatrical sense of a great practitioner as well as with the delicate tact of a friend, no one can deny, nor that Rimsky's brilliant orchestration and climaxes certainly hastened the recognition of these operas; yet for those who know the sum of Rimsky's own operatic work, there is little doubt as to where, in "Boris" and "Khovánshtchina," the original stops and the *retouche* begins. A certain rectangular, pompous, over-regular style, an unnecessary polyphony, and a taint of conventionality, from which Rimsky was not altogether free, creep in from time to time; and for the most part one can easily distinguish the true from the "edited" Moussórgsky. This task will be especially facilitated by a perusal of his songs, because there one never finds a trace of conventionality, never a line too much, rather a desire to say the most possible with the simplest means—almost sketch-like at times—finally, a meticulous attention to correct declamation down to the reproduction of the minutest inflections of the spoken word.

A contemporary of Wagner, Moussórgsky has solved in his own way—without much theorizing—the problem of musical declamation, being led merely by his desire to be ab-

solutely true to life. The guiding advice of his elder friend, Balákireff (who foresaw this development), a rare gift for acoustical observation, scrupulous studies, and an unerring steadfastness of purpose, thus led Moussórgsky to find his own mode of expression, which is unlike any other's. It is not a style, not a pattern, but is new and reborn with every new problem which he attacks. It is so free, so intangible, so without compromise and convention, that one stands before his creations amazed, as before Nature herself.

The key to Moussórgsky's work is the spiritual personality of the man himself; that is why he cannot be imitated. If certain pages in Debussy's scores have similar melodic contours or harmonies, they are so much amalgamated with this Frenchman's peculiar style, that the idea of imitation is out of the question. The point is that Debussy is essentially a man of style, of patterns, of an individual, hyper-civilized musical vision (I say this in no derogatory sense). This is in direct opposition to the genius of Moussórgsky, who is rugged, frank, untrammeled, and who strikes at the very roots of things, laying open their inmost soul and letting it speak for itself, free of all personal admixture; an "impressionist" of the soul, in fact, if one dare thus freely apply the name of the painter-school of Manet and Monet to a musician, inasmuch as the revolutionizing process, the gradual evolving of a new ideal of expression, is much the same in both cases.

The only one of the younger Russian school who is called a disciple of Moussórgsky, by reason of the freedom and audacity of his conceptions, Igor Stravínsky, is, however, far from the roots and mainsprings of Moussórgsky's art. His extraordinary technique leads him to an external, kaleidoscopic portrayal of life, quite unlike the direct simplicity, the power of divination of the master.

To study Moussórgsky's work is a profound experience in a musician's life, one likely to revolutionize not only accepted musical standards, but also to enlarge his vision of the spiritual and psychic powers of music. It is futile to argue, as many of Moussórgsky's contemporaries did, that he lacked technique, that his artistic equipment was amateurish, that his originality was freakishness. We who are able to envisage the entire field of his life's work, and to gauge the tremendous seriousness and achievement of it, can appreciate the sum of its energy, the unerring logic of it all, the long path of self-development that he travelled.—Moussórgsky was young enough, when he took up music as a career, to assimilate all the classical technique of music, if he had so desired. But his conviction was bent upon finding his own way, free from all convention, to express all the emotions of the human heart as faithfully to nature as possible. And so he began his way, at first stumbling and staggering, often rugged and uncouth in his work, but finally arriving at heights of overpowering directness and lucidity. Thus his life's achievement stands before us completed in a Rembrandtian chiaroscuro, with the high lights always placed

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where they lay bare the essential life of the soul. This is why his songs are such revelations of psychology, and why the character of Boris Godounoff or of Dosifiéï and Marfa in "Khovánshtchina" affect audiences with the direct power of Shakespearian drama.

Moussórgsky's songs constitute the bulk and mainstay of his artistic bequest. Besides these, and the two completed operas, he wrote only two operatic fragments ("The Fair of Sorótchinsk" and "The Wedding"); a small number of less significant piano-pieces, an orchestral fantasy, and a few choral works (among them the superb biblical cantata "Joshua"). But among the songs there is a wide variety, and here we find the Moussórgsky who uncovers the soul of his art in all its purity. Here he is usually free from the influence of the Russian folk-song, which otherwise so engrossingly preoccupied him as to become almost a part of his own self. The collections comprising the four "Songs and Dances of Death" and the six songs of the cycle "Without Sunlight" show us the quintessence of Moussórgsky. They were written during the darkest period of his life, after his opera "Boris" had, despite its success, been banished from the stage because of political intrigue, and while he was living in poverty and seclusion with his poet-friend, Count Golénishtcheff-Kutőőzoff. Here we find a descriptive power uncanny in its visual correctness; melodic lines of undreamt-of boldness; harmonies that none other heard or felt before him; and a masterful handling of technical resources and of declamation.

Probably no layman can imagine the difficulty of translating these strange and powerful musical incarnations into poetic or even adequate English. This, then, being the first time that these song-cycles are given in English versions, no effort was spared by my collaborators and myself to render them as perfectly as possible; many a poem in this volume has been translated four or five times, before one compound version was deemed acceptable.

I was singularly fortunate in having as my collaborators such men of both musical and literary ability as Messrs. George Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor; while for the correctness of the translation my wife (herself a Russian) and myself stand sponsors. Thus I can vouch for the conscientiousness with which the attempt has been made to render every shade of the literary meaning into English idiom, as well as for the scrupulous care taken to have everything singable and correctly accented. Being myself a hearty believer in the use of the English language for song-recitals—since non-understanding or half-understanding on the part of the audience kills the very sense of such entertainments—I find it especially needed in the case of Moussórgsky's songs, where word and music form the most intimate union, and where the one conveys nothing without the other. Apart from this, the use of French, German, or even Italian translations seems quite inappropriate before an English-speaking audience, as I said, six years ago, in the preface to "A Century of Russian Song." This

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earlier collection, which has so effectively instilled a love for Russian Song in America, already contained eleven songs by Moussórgsky, which of course have not been included in the present volume. Interested musicians may want to consult these, especially as they will find among them one additional song from each of the afore-mentioned song-cycles, which could not well be included here.

All periods of Moussórgsky's productivity from 1857 to about 1880, are represented in this new collection. The years of the forming of his personality (1865-67), when he lived in the country near Pskoff, and observed and analyzed the melodies and unconscious musical expressions of the peasants all around him, are especially featured; the "Orphan Girl," the "Love-Song of the Idiot," the "Magpie," and the biblical "Song of Solomon" (noted down from the lips of Jewish peasants), are among the first-fruits of this period of observation, during which he was bent upon deeper psychology and expression; written during this same period, songs like "The Bank of the Don" and the "Country Feast" attest to his happy gift of description.

The humorous side of Moussórgsky, which is such an essential and unique feature of his work, is represented by the excruciatingly funny adventures of the young Latin scholar (the Seminarian), by the Doll's Cradle-Song, and finally by the dances of Parásha and Khivria (from the Little-Russian opera-fragment "The Fair of Sorótchinsk"). Little-Russian melodies, so different in kind from the Northern Russian music, attracted Moussórgsky's attention frequently, and his "Dnyéper-Song" is the very embodiment of the proud, fiery music of the Cossacks. The "Revery of the Young Peasant," and the song "Little Star so bright," in their close affinity to the pure Russian folk-song, show how deeply the composer had entered into and comprehended the soul of the Russian peasant. Finally, two battle-songs stand out from all the rest as towering creations of vital import to our war-ridden age. "After the Battle," the ballad of the lonely soldier who dies far from wife and child, is impressive beyond description. With a simple but inexorable rhythm, with harsh and pitilessly logical harmonies, the grim picture is evoked. Moussórgsky was inspired to write it after seeing Verestchágin's painting of the same subject at a picture exhibit. Tsar Alexander II, who visited the same gallery a few days later, was so violently affected by the picture's strong realism, that the painter, out of deference to the Tsar, destroyed his own work. The tone-picture, however, that it inspired in Moussórgsky lives on with us, as one of the most powerful delineations in modern music. And what shall we call the song of "Death the Commander," if not the very incarnation in music of the horror of War?

The last number of this volume—not strictly a song, but a dramatic excerpt of melodies from the opera "Khovánshtchina"—was included to illustrate the ultimate period of the

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composer's creativeness, and the strains of sublime mysticism which his genius could then evoke. Marfa, a young fanatic belonging to the sect of "Old-Believers," finds herself cut off by the enemy's troops in a dense forest, with her co-sectarians, who choose to die on a funeral pyre rather than surrender. In the supreme moment Prince Khovansky, son of a dethroned Boïar, but dearly beloved by Marfa, joins her in the forest; and she, inspired with the spirit of self-immolation, bids him die with her, and consecrates him with the "Hallelujah of Love," while slowly circling about him with a lighted candle in each upraised hand. This scene belongs to the most sublime that can be seen on the stage, and the music reveals the mystic and divine powers of the soul. Americans have the right to know of it, even though the Metropolitan opera-stage still continues to bar the opera itself. That is why it was chosen to end this book.

I cannot close this introductory note without once more expressing my thanks and indebtedness to Messrs. George Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor for the unfaltering patience and painstaking labor by which they have made it possible for me to present this volume and its companion (twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Borodíne, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff). It was their conviction as well as mine that we were trustees of an important bequest to the American public, and it was in this spirit of earnest devotion that all obstacles were approached.

Stony Brook, L. I.,
August 26, 1917.

KURT SCHINDLER.

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Short Explanatory Notes

No. 4. The Country Feast. The frequent changes of rhythm need not disturb any singers. The song drawls on slowly and easily, with no change of the basic quarter-note. The interpretation has to consist mainly in bringing out the broad humor of the words, observing all the marks for expression and dynamics. (In winter-time the Russian peasants wear clumsy furs and boots, and there is much pomp and ceremony in their festivities. Hence the heavy rhythm, which is in reality the rare $\frac{11}{4}$, known only in Russian folk-song (compare the Finale of "Snyegóurotchka," with its pompous Hymn to the Sun).

No. 5. Love-Song of the Idiot. One day in the country Moussórgsky witnessed a strange scene, which passed directly beneath his window. The village simpleton ("Yuródivui," as he is called in Russia), a poor half-witted wretch, was confronting one of the village belles, pouring out in breathless, pleading accents his long-repressed love for her. There was a touching, imploring chant, a real melody, in his voice, and the fascinated listener jotted down, unheeded, the intonations of the poor boy. From this sketch grew the song, which can be correctly interpreted only when the same tone of pleading, relentless, hopeless despair is employed by the singer. In spite of all their mockery, the Russian peasants have a superstitious reverence for their "Yuródivui," to whom they impute the power of second sight.

No. 6. The Orphan Girl. This tune was likewise culled from the lips of peasants. Although I never doubted the fact (not chronicled elsewhere by Moussórgsky's biographers), I was able recently to establish it, when perusing a Russian museum-publication on the songs of the "Kalíki perekhózhie," the wandering beggar-groups of Russia. There I found the music of a typical beggar-verse ("Stikh níshtchikh") with the same rhythm and melodic outline as this Orphan Song. It begins, "May the Lord be kind to you, you and all your ancestors!"

No. 7. The Seminarian. Latin students the world over have to "cram their heads" with the famous list of exceptional masculine nouns "Panis, piscis, crinis, finis"; and it may be taken for granted that a goodly proportion of the public understands the dread that these words evoke in young scholars. One feature of the humor of this song may escape the attention of those who have never attended services of the Russian Orthodox Church. The middle section, describing the

holy mass, down to the point where the Seminarian intones a psalm "in the sixth liturgic mode," is actually written in the modal sequences of the so-called sixth tone of the Russian Liturgy. For those unfamiliar with the institutions of the Russian Church, be it explained that "Father Simeon" is a lay priest, a "Pope," and consequently is allowed to marry, and to have a beautiful daughter.

No. 13. Death's Lullaby. As in Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," it is necessary that the interpreter should use different intonations for the pleading of the mother and for the cold, inexorable answers of Death. Especially important is this change of voice for the icy "No!" which cuts off the heart-cry of the mother (last page but one).

No. 15. Death the Commander. In the last nine bars Death dances a Trepák, the accentuated Russian peasant-dance.

No. 17. Silently Floated a Spirit. An early counterpart to Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," one of the few pure lyrics in Moussórgsky's work.

No. 18. The Doll's Cradle Song. Moussórgsky took delight in reproducing all the dainty, minute inflections of the child's voice. In singing it, one should try to imitate the melodious drawl of the youngster, almost relapsing into speech at the end.

No. 19. Night. An early work, and one of the few erotic lyrics from Moussórgsky's pen. It has a particularly fine sweep and much subtle detail; the spirit of Púshkin and Turgénieff breathes in it. The name of the author of the poem is not given.

No. 22. Retrospect. Mark the extraordinary movement of triplets in the visionary middle part! This device was adopted by Debussy in "Pelléas."

No. 23. Resignation. Mark the keen incisiveness of the harmonies and the power of saying much with small means, as if sketching!

No. 24. Elegy. This song is very difficult to interpret. It needs supreme poise and a great gift for contrast on the part of both singer and pianist. Keep the first page and a half very quiet, the next-following one and a half page fleeting, shadowy, restless; then, after a short episode of sweet reminiscence, a rising whirlwind of shadows sweeps on, finally sinking down into itself like a fire-brand that is extinguished. "The great sad bell of Death" rings, as from an unseen monastery, and all ends in a dim haze of twilight.

No. 25. Consecration. The first page and a half, and the entire end of this number, are taken from the last (4th) act of the opera. The middle section (which in the last act returns only as a short reminiscence) is given in its full form as found in the 3d act.

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After the Battle

A BALLAD

(Balláda)

English version* by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Alla marcia. Sostenuto, ma non troppo

Voice

He met his death in for - eign land, In

Piano

sf *p pesante*

bit - ter fight - ing, hand to hand; His friends have won the vic - to - ry, And

cresc.

they are shout-ing. On-ly he, For - got-ten un - der - neath the skies, A - lone he lies. And

dim. *sf*

* Original poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff - Kutōozoff (after the destroyed picture by Vassili V. Vereshtchágin).

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down there sweeps a greed-y crow To drink his blood that still doth flow, He

picks his eyes that still do glow'r With death-ly glance in death's own hour; He

drinks his fill, he leaves his prey And flies a-way. A- -

far at home a-cross the wild

One lone-ly moth-er rocks her child: "Be still, be still!

cresc. *p*

ah! shed no tear, For soon your fa - ther will be

here, And then we shall have pies and cake, That I shall

dim. *dim.*

rall.

bake."— Be - neath dark skies A - lone he lies.

ppp

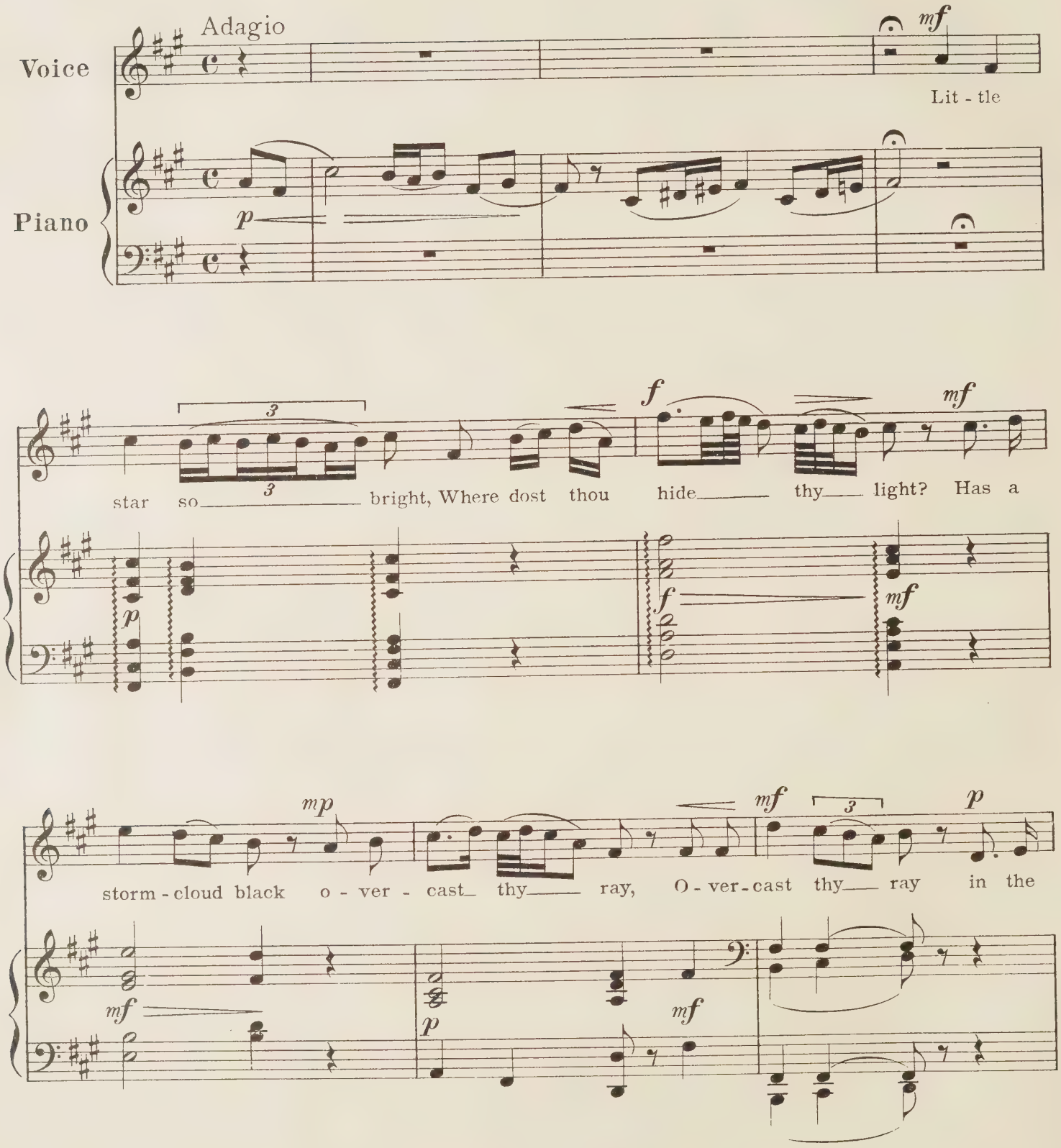
Ped.

Little Star So Bright

(Gdye tui zvyózdotchka?)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1857)
Posthumous work, revised by
V. G. Karatuigin



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black of night?

p

p

p

Where art thou, maid-en fair, With thy locks of gold - en hair? Hast for -

pp

p

mf

f

p

sak - en thy love, hast thou left him in de-spair, Him, so true and so brave, true be -

mf

sf

f

p

yond com - pare?

Now the

star is___ hid by the black__cloud deep; In her lone-ly grave lies the maid, a - -

sleep.

The Magpie and the Little Gypsy Dancer

A HUMORESQUE

(Soróka)

English version by
Kurt Schindler

After the poem by Pushkin

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)

Allegretto non troppo

Voice

Piano

p staccato

Thro' my gar-den wick-et hop-ping,

mf *sf* *p* *pp* *p* *sf* *p*

Who comes chatt'ring bright and gay? 'Tis the mag-pie, she's a pro-phet, She an-nounc-es

p

sf *p* *sf* *p* *sf* *sf*

guests to-day. In the morn-ing air a-tink-ling Sound a my-riad crys-tal bells;

p

sf *p* *pp*

2 Ped.

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mf

Pur - ple slants the sun - light, sil - ver Lies on snow - clad

p

Allegro

hills and dells. Chimes are float - ing thro' the air: Lo, I see a

p *pp* *p*

mf *f*

mar-ket - square, Lads and maid - ens, young and old, Come to see the vil - lage fair.

mf *mf* *sf*

p

In their midst a Gyp - sy danc - es, Cast - ing round co - quet - tish glanc - es,

p

sf *mf*

Beats her tam - bou - rine so spright - ly, Waves her ker - chief to the throng,

sf *p* *sf* *sf* *p*

sf *p* *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

Skip - ping, trip - ping, smil - ing_ bright - ly; Then in - tones her lit - tle_ song:

sf *p* *cresc.* *mf*

sf *f*

"Hark, good peo - ple, to my songs, and lis - ten well,_ By my

sf *f*

cards your for - tunes let me tell!"

sf *mf*

Tempo I°

p staccato

And the mag-pie still is hop-ping, Chat-t'ring, bab-bling, bright and gay;—

pp

mf

She's an-oth-er lit-tle Gyp-sy, She's a pro-phet in her way.—

sf *p* *sf* *p* *sf* *sf* *sf*

p

In the morn-ing air a-tink-ling Sound a my-riad

pp

2 Ped.

mf

crys-tal bells, And the sun-light sheds its

p

pp

sil - ver_ O - ver snow - clad_ hills and dells._

pp *pp*

Allegro

p *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

While the lit - tle Gyp - sy danc - es, Cast - ing round co - quet - tish glanc - es:

p *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

f

"Hark, good peo - ple, to my songs, and lis - ten well,_

sf *f* *sf*

By my cards_ your_ for - tunes let me tell!"

sf *p*

The Country Feast

(Peeroōshka)

Poem by Koltzóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)

Tranquillo

Voice

Piano

They had o-pened wide the might-y doors of oak;

Some on horse and some in sleds the guests ar-rived. In sa-lute the host and

host-ess bowed to them; From the court they led them to the light-ed hall,

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Where they knelt be - fore the sa - cred im - a - ges,

pp

mf

Then as - sem - bled round the ta - bles rich - ly decked,—

mf *sf* *sf*

f

And up - on the oak - en bench - es sat them down.

mf *p* *sf* *p*

In a hand-some dress of mus-lin trimm'd with fringe, The young wife, en-dear-ing

cresc. *p* *p* *mf*

mf *cresc.*

with her soft black eyes, Moved a - mong the guests with

cresc. *mf*

p *cresc.* *mf* *f* *mf*

kiss - es for them all, Of - f'ring them the bowl of hos - pi - tal - i - ty;

p *mf* *f*

While the host him - self dipp'd out the foam - ing beer

p *mf* *sf*

f *p*

With a spoon em-boss'd with le-gends of his house, And the mas-ter's daugh-ter,

mf *sf* *p*

mf *p* *p*

pass-ing mead to them, Went a-mong the guests with her sweet, child-like smile.

pp

mf cresc. *ff*

Thus the guests did eat and drink and laugh and talk From the close of day un -

mf *f cresc.* *f* *f sf* *f*

til the mid-night hour.

f

Love-Song of the Idiot

(Svyétik Sávishna [Yuródivui])

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1865)

Allegro

Voice

Piano

O my Sá - vish - na,

Bright-eyed fal - con mine, Give thy love to me, Though a fool I be!

See how poor I am, Long for thy ca - ress! O my love - ly bird,

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Bright - eyed fal - con mine, Love - ly Sá - vish - na, My I - vá - nov - na!

Scorn me not for my Na - ked mis - er - y, Scorn me not for my

Fate un - for - tu - nate! See, the peo - ple laugh At my ug - ly shape,

See how curst I am By their mock - er - y! And the pass - ers - by

Call me weak of mind, And they bow and laugh At God's ho - ly fool;

Love - ly Sá - vish - na, My I - vá - nov - na! With their feet they kick Me, the ho - ly fool,

With their fists they rain Blows up - on my head. But on hol - i - days, When the peo - ple feast,

And a - dorn them-selves With red rib - bons gay, Then they kind - ly throw Bits of bread to me,

They do not for-get God's own ho-ly fool. Love-ly Sá-vish-na, Bright-eyed fal-con mine!

Love me, e-ven though I'm not beau-ti-ful, Love me, com-fort me In my lone-li-ness!

How I long for thee I could nev-er tell! Love-ly Sá-vish-na, Trust, or trust me not,

My I - vá - nov - na!

The Orphan-Girl

(Sirótka)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1868)

Andante (alla breve)

Voice

Oh, Mis-ter, please be good! Dear Mis-ter, please be kind!

Piano

l.h.

Please let me tell to you, I am an or - phan, a home - less child!

Hear what I say! Hun-ger and cold have been sup-per and bed for me,

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f *mf*

Night was my shel - ter and snow was my cov - er - let; All the peo-ple

mf *sf* *p* *p*

mf *f* *p*

scold - ed me and sent me a - way in tears,— Scorn was the one re - ply—

p *cresc.* *p*

f *p* *p*

That I re - ceiv'd in my mis - er - y. Oft in the for - est I

cresc. *sf* *pp* *pp* *pp*

2 Ped. 2 Ped.

mf

hide my-self, sad and lone - ly, Then hun-ger calls me and makes me re -

pp *sf* *sf* *sf*

2 Ped. 2 Ped. 2 Ped. 2 Ped.

turn a - gain. My strength is gone, I must eat, I must drink once more!

Oh, Mis - ter, please help me! Dear Mis - ter, have pit - y! Let me not

die of hun - ger! Let me not freeze to death! Dear Mis-ter, please help me!

Please let me tell to you, I am an or - phan, a home-less child!

The Seminarian

(Seminarist)

A HUMORESQUE

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1866)

Allegro moderato

Voice

Piano

p

f

Pa-nis, pis-cis, cri-nis, fi-nis; ig-nis, la-pis, pul-vis, ci-nis... Oh, these

mf

p

Lat - in words! they drive me mad! *Or-bis, am-nis et ca-na-lis, or-bis, am-nis et ca-na-lis.*

dim.

p

f

mf

f

Such grim bless - ing from the priest I've had! How he cuff'd and

f

mf

f

sf

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kick'd me, gave me— man-ya—bruise and scrape, With his ho - ly—

hand he near-ly— knock'd me out— of shape!

Fas-cis, a-xis, fu-nis, en-sis; fus-tis, ves-tis, ver-mis, men-sis.

Fa - ther Sim - eon— has— a— daugh-ter, such a sweet, de - mure one!

p

She has cheeks as red as pop-pies, lan - guid eyes that lure one;

p

cresc.

mf

p

Crim-son is the smock that hides her waist so slen-der, Snow-y white her bos - om,

mf

p

swel-ling smooth and ten-der.

f

Fas-cis, a-xis, fu-nis, en-sis; fus-tis, ves-tis, ver-mis, men-sis...

f

ff

Ah, my Stio-sha, lit - tle dar - ling! How I'd dear-ly love to hold you, To

ff

kiss you mad - ly, in my lov-ing arms to en - fold you!

dim. *dim.* *mf* *dim.* *p*

p *pp* *p*

Pos-tis, fol-lis, cu - cu-mis, at-que pol-lis, at-que pol-lis... cu - cu-mis,

pp

cu-cu-mis. Late-ly at the cel - e - - bra - - tion of a

cresc.

spe-cial mass in hon - or of the Ho - ly Mi - thro - do - -

cresc.

ra, I in-toned a psalm in the sixth li-tur-gic

mode. All the while my— left-eye wan-der'd, could not keep— from-

stray-ing, Steal-ing glanc-es at— my Stio-sha, who— stood close at hand, de-

vout-ly— pray-ing.

Dear me! Fa - ther Sim - eon saw it all, Af - ter mass

call'd me out in - to the hall; Then up - on my pate his Rev-'rence served a three-fold

ben - e - dic - tion! Then with might and main he made me cram my head with

Lat - in gram-mar: *Or-bis, am-nis et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis, san-guis, ung-uis et an-na-lis,*

cresc.

et an-na-lis.

sf sf

mf

dim.

p

dim.

p

Thus by Sa - tan_ I___ was tempt-ed Right with - in___ the_ ho - ly

tem - ple of our Lord!

mf cresc.

Am-nis et an-na-lis,

r. h.

f

cresc. ff

san-guis, un-guis et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis.

mf

The Song of Khívria

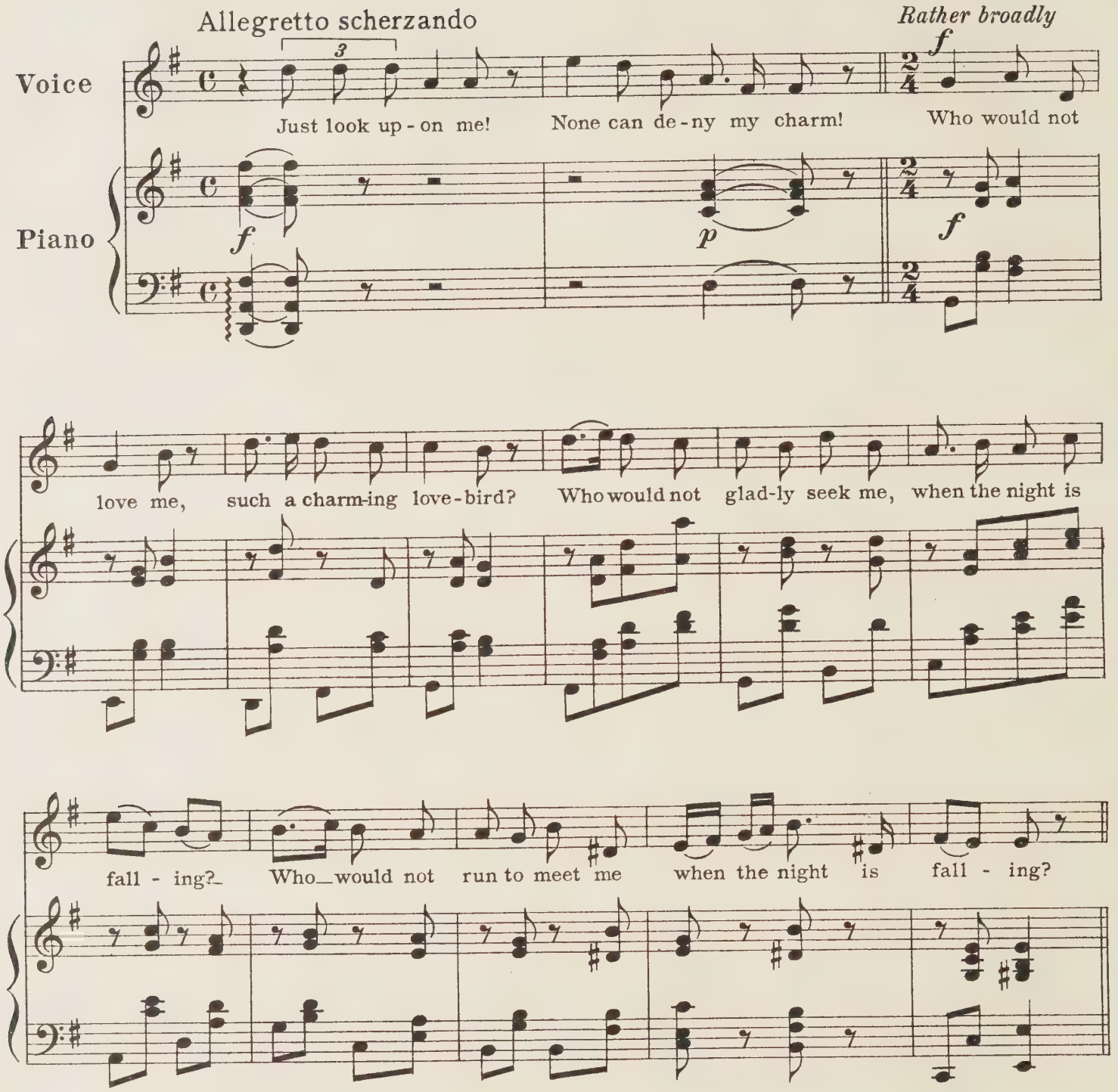
The Buxom Matron

COMIC DANCE-SONG

(Little-Russian)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)
Edited by A. Lyádoff



*From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk" (1877), the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka." Khívria, the stepmother of Parásha (the heroine of Gógol's story), is a buxom matron, still far from averse to an occasional flirtation. She sings this song during the absence of her husband, the peasant Tcherevík, while she is awaiting the arrival of her lover Afanásius Ivánovitch, the pope's son, for whom she has prepared a delicious repast.

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Andantino

rall.

When the night is fall - ing?

A tempo. Andantino cantabile

Why does my be-lov-ed not ap -

pp

pear? All the dump-lings ru-ined! All the love-ly pan-cakes grow-ing cold!

poco rall.

Andante

Ah me! Oft I wan-der'd through the fields, through the wood, through the wood,

p

Through the val-leys, o - ver moun-tains off to the fair, off to the fair!

Easter-buns I used to_ sell there, three a-piece, two for five. All the Cos-sacks used to_ buy them

p

Lento

just from me, on-ly me. Where's my la-zy lover? Still I'm wait-ing.

Moderato

più calmando e dim.

f

The dev-il take the ras-cal! Nev-er mind, I'll stop my_ fret-ting,

mf *p*

f

'Tis no time for griev-ing, Ra-ther let_ me sing!_ Ah!

pp *mf*

Allegretto scherzando

Since the time when first I met my Bru-de-us, Bru-de-us, I have ru-ined

man-ya hand-some pair of shoes, pair of shoes. Ho, wretch-ed Bru-de-us!

f

Woe, ras-cal Bru-de-us! I am filled with in-dig-na-tion, That he had my

f

ad-mi-ra-tion; I de-clare, with deep de-jec-tion, I have wast-ed my af-fec-tion!

poco rall.

pp

poco rall.

Bru - de - us is such a dan - dy,

a tempo

Look at him! look at him! And his shin - y boots are al - ways

Neat and trim, neat and trim. Ho, fop - pish Bru - de - us!

8

Woe, pre - cious Bru - de - us! How I blush to

8

think I kissed him, That I nev-er could re-sist him! I am filled with

poco rall.

in-dig-na-tion At our for-mer os-cu-la-tion!

a tempo

poco rall.

f

a tempo

Bru-de-us is called to bat-tle, But he says he will not fight,

For he can't en-dure the rat-tle And he can-not stand the sight.

Ho, tim - id Bru - de - us! Woe, cow - ard Bru - de - us!

Would I had from thee de - part - ed, Such a lov - er chick - en - heart - ed!

poco rall.

I am filled with in - dig - na - tion At such hor - rid tre - pi - da - tion!

8

poco rall.

Meno mosso

I am told, when eve - ning falls, On some oth - er girl he calls,

poco a poco

Hold-ing hands and - mak-ing eyes, Boast-ing, strut-ting, tell-ing lies. Ho, fick-le

Tempo di allegretto

Bru-de-us! Woe, faith-less Bru-de-us! Where are words of in-dig-na-tion

f *f*

For such sheer a - bom-i - na-tion! I am through with you, my friend! Pa - tience now is

Meno mosso

at an end! Ah! No more love for me! Ha ha!

f *f*

Revery of the Young Peasant

(Dōōmka Párobka)

English version by
Sigmund Spaeth and Deems Taylor

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

Larghetto, quasi largo

Voice

Piano

p

My heart,— why weep-est thou?

Why art— thou— pin - ing? What can I do to com-fort thy sor - row,

*From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk", the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol (in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka"). The opera was edited, after Moussorgsky's death, by A. K. Lyádoff.—Gógol's Little-Russian story of the Sorótchinsk Fair describes the wooing of the beautiful peasant-girl Parásha by a young peasant-lad. Khivria, the giri's stepmother, plots against the suitor, and in this song he voices the apparent hopelessness of his love.— The melody of this song was also used by Moussorgsky (to describe the breaking of dawn) as the closing theme of his orchestral Fantasy "A Night on the Bald Mountain".

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poor_ heart of mine?

p

Is it that like me thou griev-est that fate no long-er_

smil-eth, And the road to hap-pi-ness is_ barr'd? Be

p

si - lent now, my heart! weep-ing heart_ of mine!_

rall.

rall.

p

Cantabile

Sor - row, for - sake thou me! De-spair, I bid thee go! All that I

pp

long for, all my heart's de - sire, is the love of the fair Pa - rá - sha!

p

cresc.

Ah, Pa - rá - sha, my Pa - rá - sha! Thou my lit - tle dove, thou

p

cresc.

f

fair-est lit-tle queen of mine! None but thy wick-ed fos - ter-moth-er tries to

mf

harm us. Still all my long - ing, all my heart's de - sire, is the love of the

p

fair Pa - rá - sha! Heart, why weep - est thou?

p

pp

Why art thou pin - ing? What can I do to com-fort thy sor-row? Heart, O my heart!

allargando

allargando

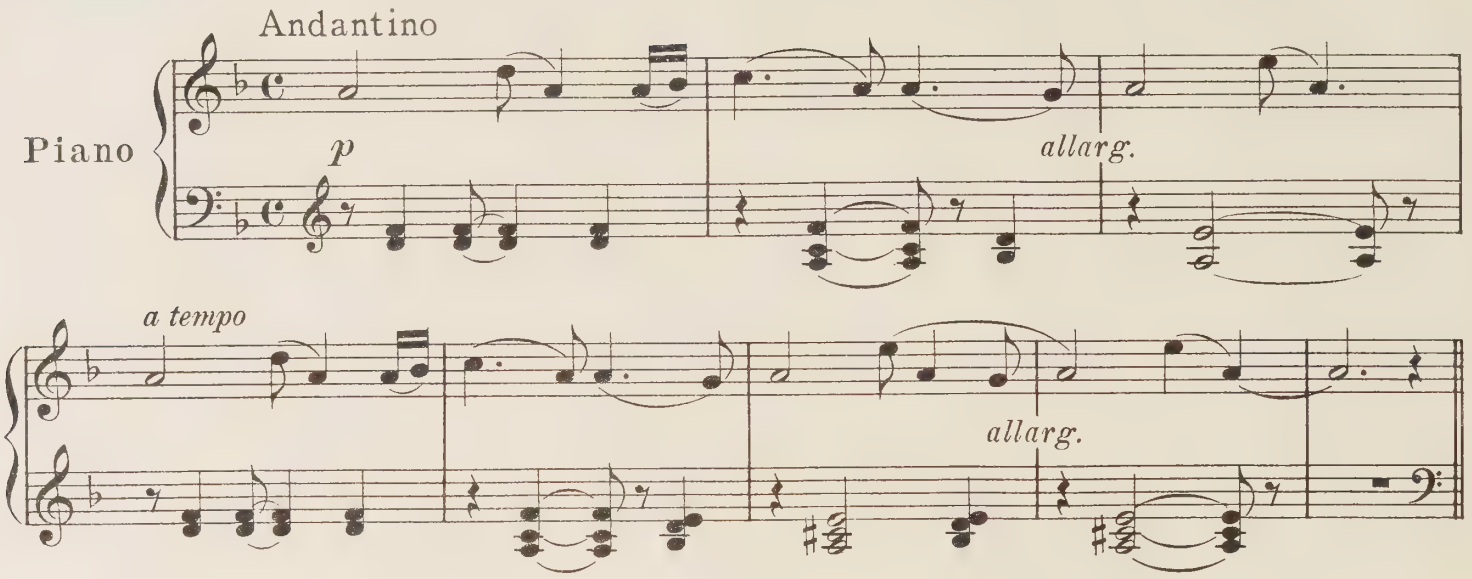
Parásha's Revery and Dance

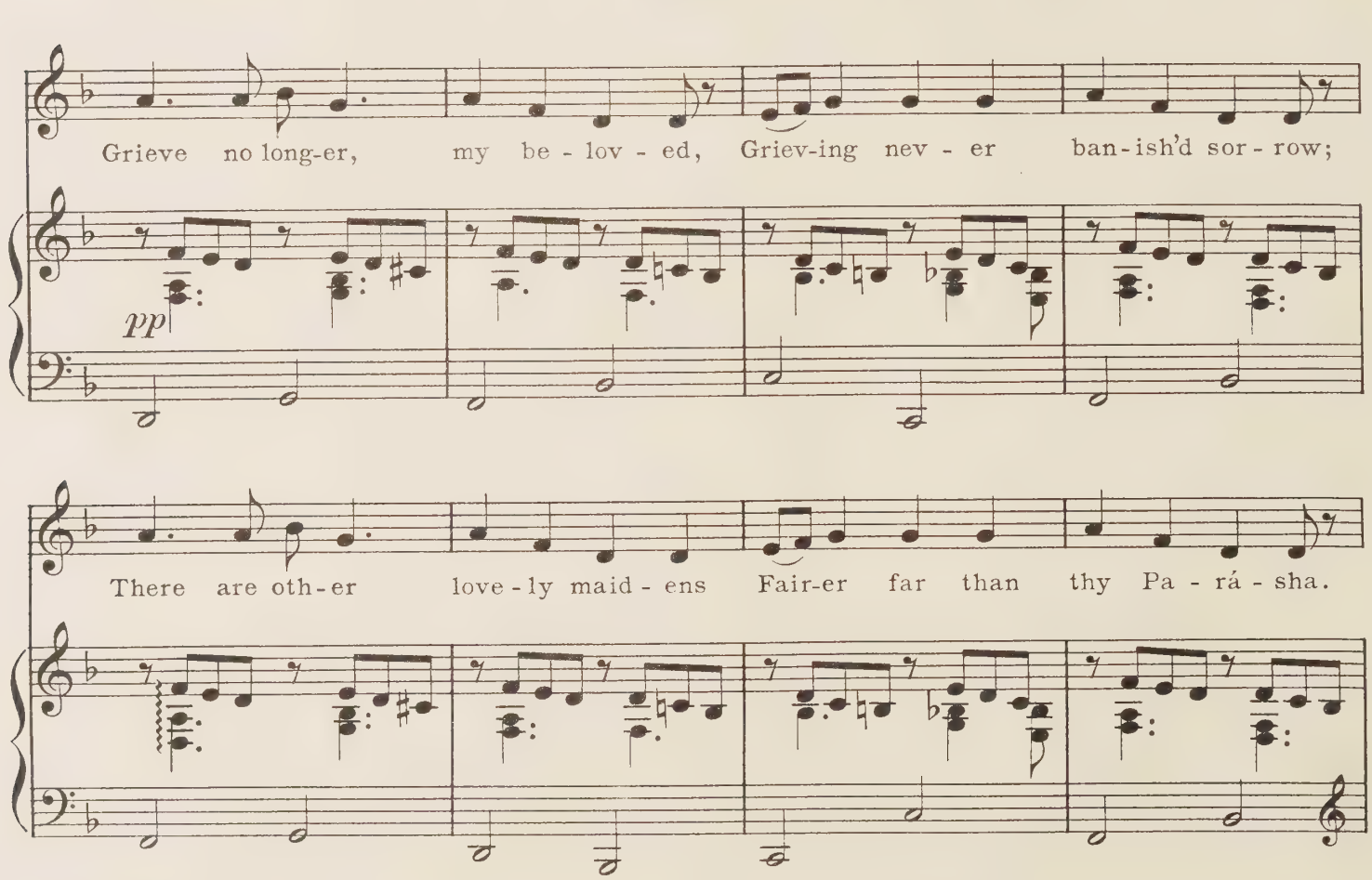
(Dōōmka Parássi)

Little-Russian

English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)





* From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk", the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol (in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka"). The opera was edited, after Moussorgsky's death, by A. K. Lyádoff. In this song Parásha, the heroine of this Little-Russian tale, contemplates the many obstacles placed between her and her lover by the intrigues of her stepmother, Khívria. Her natural gayety finally asserts itself and finds expression in a merry dance-tune, which calls up memories of the lively times on market-days.

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Ah, how I love to hear thee say: Pa-rá - sha, my lit-tle dove,

espressivo

fair-est lit-tle queen of mine." Ah how I dear-ly love to see thy ten-der glance,

When be-neath thy ra - ven brows thine eyes gleam so fal - con - like!

mf

f

Nay, — sor-row I must ban-ish; For de-spair I've no rea-son:

pp

I'm not old and hid-e-ous, Nay, for-sooth, I'm youth-ful and pret-ty,

Allegretto grazioso

pp

Have not lost all my charm yet! Let's dance! Hi! my young and black-eyed lov-er,

sfz

pp

Stand-ing up so straight and tall, Come and tread a dain-ty mea-sure With thy sweet-heart

slim and small! Pit, pat, go the lit-tle slip-pers Of the maid-en slim and small; Click, clack,

un poco cresc.

go the heav-y top-boots Of the lov-er straight and tall. Don't be gloom-y, don't be sad,

Come a-gain to - night, my lad! To_ be coy would be a sin,_ Just be bold and

step right in. Pit, pat, go the lit-tle slip-pers, Don't be gloom-y, don't be sad!

cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

Click, clack, go the heav - y top-boots: Come a-gain to - night, my lad!

f

f

Hop! hop! Ho - pak-dance!

mf

f

f *mf sempre cresc.*

Hop! hop! Gay - ly prance! Pit, pat, go the lit - tle slip-pers, Let us dance the

8

mf

mf sempre cresc.

f

Ho - pak gay! Pit, pat, go the lit - tle slip - pers, This is mer - ry

8

f

Più mosso

mf

mar-ket-day! Hop! hop! Ho-pak-dance! Hi! ho! mar-ket-day!

8

mp

f

sempre cresc.

Pit, pat, lit-tle slip-pers! Hop! hop! Ho-pak gay! Pit-ter-pat!

8

mf

f

go the lit-tle slip-pers! Greet-ings to my lov-er gay! Hop! hop! Let's be mer-ry!

8

cresc.

sfz

Let us dance till break of day! Hi!

8 8

ff

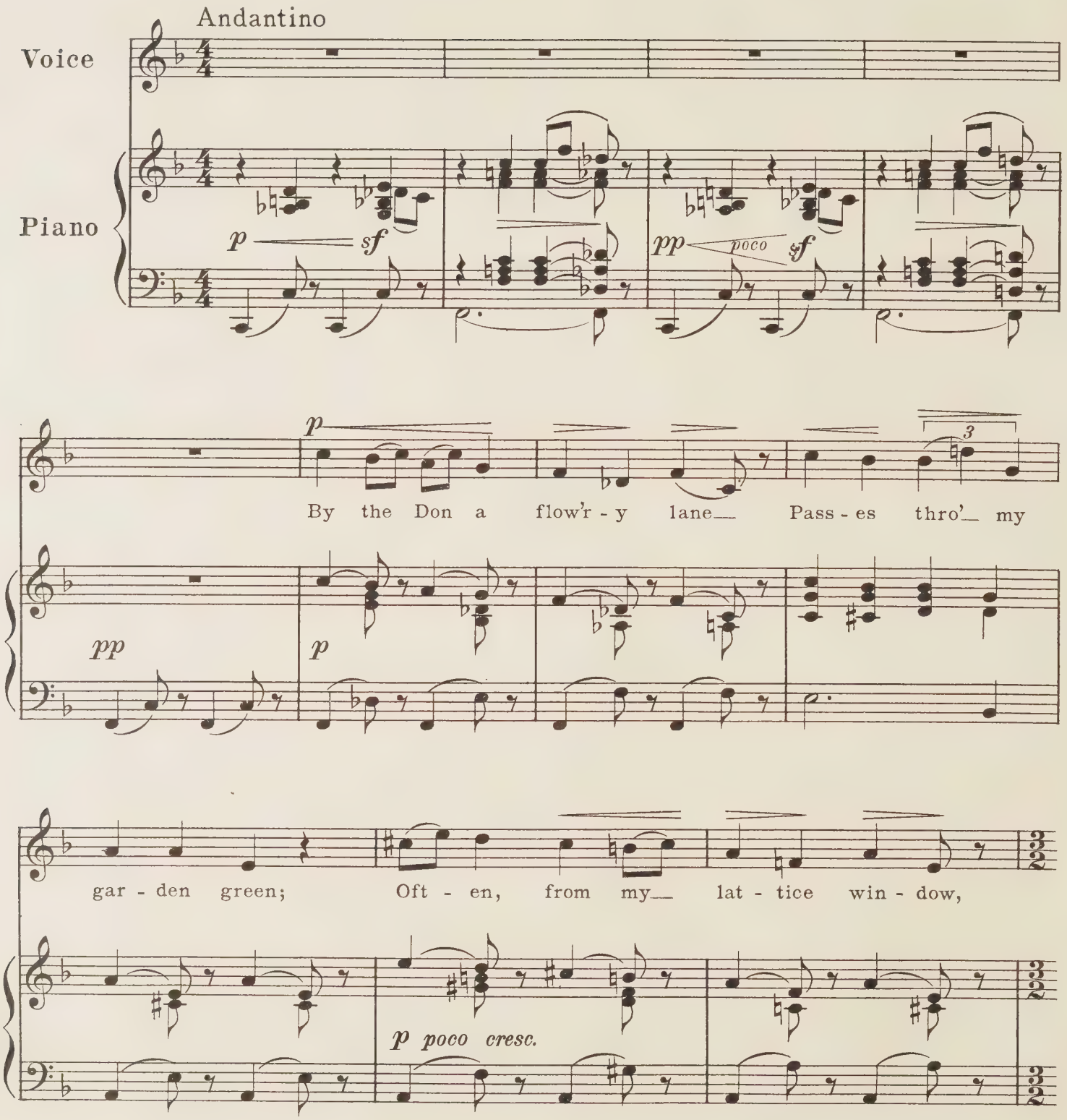
sfz

The Banks of the Don

(Po nad Dónom sad tzvyetyót)

Poem by Koltzóff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)



* The Don is one of the largest rivers of Southern Russia; it empties at Rostóv into the Sea of Azóv.

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Scherzando

Have mine eyes be-held the scene. There at__ eve fair__

pp sf p

Ma - sha pass'd me, From__ the well re - turn - ing,

Smil - ing up with bash - ful glanc - es,

pp l.h. sf

Cheeks with blush - es burn - - ing.

l. h.

pp

sf

p

Shy - ly she'd re - turn my greet - ing

pp

pp

poco rit.

In the sun - set's glow - ing.

poco rit.

p a tempo, tranquillo

Once she ab - sent - ly tipp'd her wa - ter - jar,

a tempo, tranquillo

Spilt it— o - ver - flow - ing.— *p*

By the Don a—

pp

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

l. h.

sf

p *sf*

flow'r - y lane— *pp*

Pass - es— thro' my gar - den....

pp *poco* *sf*

ppp

On the River Dnyéper

(Na Dnyepryé)

From the Little-Russian poem*
"The Haïdamaks," by T. G. Shevtchénko
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky
Composed 1866, revised in 1880

Largamente

Voice

Piano

p *sf* *sf*

mf

Dnye - per, ho! Dnye - per, hark! Dnye-per, my broad riv - er!

p *pp* *mf*

p

Dnye-per, my deep riv - er! You've borne the red blood of Cos - - sacks

* The Dnyéper is – after the Volga – the largest river of Russia. It rises near Smolénsk, flows through Kieff and Yekaterínoslav, and empties into the Black Sea. The Poles have been the traditional enemies of the Cossacks through many centuries.

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On your long, wind - ing course to_ the far dis - tant sea.

mf *p* *f*

On - ly_ was_ the sea_ nev-er sat-is - fied, ne'er sat-is - fied. To -

mf *pp*

Allegro risoluto

day you are wait-ing, to - day you are wait - ing,_ My Dnye-per so

pp

broad. To - day God pre - pares for U - kraï - na its feast - ing, Its

f *pp*

cresc.

feast - ing so fright - ful, For flow - ing, flow - ing is

cresc.

f

blood in great_ tor-rents, The Cos - sack re - vives; The

Het - man a - ris - es in gar - ments re - splen - dent, Once

more comes the day when U - kraï - na shall live. And

far o'er the steppe on the graves* of our broth - ers The

foe - men shall fall 'neath the gleam of our blades. A -

new shall the Cos - sack sing his song free - ly, Un - fet - ter'd and

f

bold-ly in praise of U - kraï - na: "Our land shall be free to the sea of

ff

* Literally translated, the original poem refers to the "Kurgáni," the tumulus-shaped burial-mounds of the Cossacks.

Pol - ish and Jew - ish blood! Down the riv - er float now

bones of our en - e-mies, Blood of Pol - ish vic-tims,

blood of Jew - ish vic - tims, Now flows down the

riv - er feed - - ing the sea!

Largamente

f

p

Dnye - per, halt! Dnye - per, hark!

fp

pp

mf

Soon will be thy vic - to - ry, soon wilt thou be qui - et - ed!

p

p

Dnye - per, halt! O my riv - - er

pp

deep!

pp

Death's Lullaby

(Koluibélnaya)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1875)

Lento doloroso

Voice

Piano

pp

mf

Faint-ly the child sighs.

p

The

sf

p

pp

lamp dim-ly flick-ers, Sheds but a phan-tom of light;

poco rit.

poco rit.

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōōzoff (No. 2 of "Songs and Dances of Death"). No. 1 of this cycle, "Trepak", is to be found in "A Century of Russian Song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, New York, 1911.

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a tempo

Rock - ing the cra - dle, the pale, wear-y moth - er Waits thro' the

a tempo

poco rit.

long, sleep-less night.

Moderato tranquillo

pp

Ear - ly at break of day

poco rit.

dim.

pp

a mezza voce

comes, soft - ly knock - ing, Death, all - com - pas - sion - ate:

f agitato

dim.

"Hark!" Trem - bling, she starts, gaz - ing anx - ious - ly round her....

sf cresc.

poco dim.

Lento funesto

"Fear not, O moth-er, the dark! See, now the pale morn looks in at thy win-dow;

p *sf*

accel.

Man - y the tears thou hast shed, Wear - y thy vi - gils. So

sfp

rest now, I pray thee, I will keep watch in thy stead.

Vain - ly thou seek - est the dear one to qui - et;

cantab. rall.

Soft - er and sweet - er sing I!"–

rall.

Agitato patetico

pp

"Si - lence! In fe - ver my

pp

lit - tle one toss - es,

Torn— is my heart with his

Lento funesto

cry!" "Nay, but with me he will soon cease to

allargando

suf-fer. Lul-la-by, lul-la-by-bye."–

p

Agitato

"Wax - white his cheeks now, his breast faint - ly fal - ters –

pp

Lento *tranquillo*

Be still, and stand not so nigh!"– "Good is the to - ken; his strug-gles are

p

allargando

end-ing. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."–

Agitato

"Go, thou ac-curs - ed one! Foul thy ca -

allargando

sf *sf* *pp*

Lento

con dolore *dim.* *tranquillo*

ress - es! Touch not my child, lest he die!"– "No! 'Tis a comfort-ing dream I shall

p

allargando

Agitato, con dolore

waft him; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."– "Cease now thy ter - ri - ble song!

allargando

cresc.

Lento *tranquillo*

grant me mer - cy! Canst thou my plead - ing de - ny?" "Look ye!

dim.

rall.

My singing has lull'd him to slum - ber. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."

p

pp

Death's Serenade

(Serenáda)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1875)

Larghetto

Voice

Piano

Sweet - scent - ed breath of Night, soft and ca - ress - ing, Trem - bling blue twi - light of June....

cresc.

Bow - ing her head on her bo - som, the maid - en Heark - - ens to Night's gen-tle croon.

dim.

dim.

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutőőzoff (No.3 of "Songs and Dances of Death").

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cresc.

Sleep will not come to her eyes, bright with fe - ver;

dim.

Life calls in vain to the

p

maid; Un - der her win - dow, in si - lence of

cresc. *dim. e rall.*

mid - night, Death sings a grim ser-e - nade:

sf *rall.*

Andantino

"Lone - ly and fet - ter'd, in dark - ness of bond - age,

Youth now is fad - ing from thee; Roam - ing as er - rant

knight vest - ed with ma - gic pow'r, I come thy young soul to free.

Raise thee and look in thy glass: Ah, what

cresc. *dim.* *cresc.*

beau - ty Lim - pid - ly glows in thy face! Ros - y thy cheeks are; thy

shim - mer-ing tress - es, Cloud - like,thy bod - y em-brace.

dim.

p poco capriccioso

Clear___ is the gleam of thine eyes blue and lam - bent,

Bright_____ as the glow of_ the sky;_

Sweet wafts thy fragrant breath, warm as the

mf *sf* *sf* *pp*

noon - tide, Ma - gic thy charm draws me nigh. Soon must thou

poco accel. *a tempo, tranquillo*

a tempo

ppp poco accel. *p* *sf*

yield to the spell of my sing - ing,

sf

Now thy true gal - lant is near; Heed - ing thy call he is

f *mf*

com - ing to claim—— thee. Lo! the su - preme hour is here!

pp

pp

Dain - ty thy form,— so enchant-ing thy trembling!

2 Ped.

Oh! thou shalt swoon and de - cline Under my kisses!— Dost hear what I

cresc. *dim.*

pp

ppp *parlando*

whis - per? Lis - ten!.... Lie still!.... Thou art mine!"—

f

ppp

ff *sf*

Death, the Commander

(Polkovódyetz)

English version* by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

Vivo, alla guerra

Voice

Piano

With crash of bat - tle, ar - - - mor gleam - - ing, The can - - nons bel - low forth their

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōozoff (No. 4 of "Songs and Dances of Death")

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fire, And men take flight, their hors - - es

sf *mf*

steam - - ing And stum - bling thro' the blood - y

sf

mire. With glare of mid - day

sf *f*

bat - - tle rag - - es; The

f

sun is sink - - - ing, still they fight;

The twi - - - light dark - ens, but en -

ga - ges The foe to mer - - - - - - ci - less new

spite.

But night has

risoluto

fall'n, and all is end - ed, The hosts a - sun-der have been driv'n. Then silence,-

pp

pp

f

mf

from the un - be - friend-ed Unheed-ed groanings rise to heav'n. Then

pp

cresc.

dim.

Grave, marziale

by the moon il - lu - mi-nat - ed, His bones all glit-t'ring white and stark, As

p

cap - tain of the hosts in - stat - ed, There rides forth Death.-

f

f

f

fp

p

Lo! in the dark He heeds the sob - bing and the

pp

pray - - ing, Un-til his pride is sat - is - fied,

risoluto

Then, on the spot of cru - el slay - ing, He walks a - bout with sol-emn

pp

stride. Then on a hil-lock, light-ed dim-ly, He looks a-round him,

fp

p

smil - ing grim - ly, Then o'er the bat-tle's si - lent ground He sends his

pp *poco cresc.*

voice with fate - ful sound: "Mine is the bat - tle! All wrongs are right - ed,

f *f*

dolce

Foe - man and friend shall to me bow the head! Those who were en - e - mies,

p

I have u - nit - ed: Rise now, to pass the re - view of the dead!

cresc. poco *f*

March by me sol - emnly, greet your command - er! I shall account for you

f

all, friends and foes; Cool is the ground, and the dark beckons yon - der,

mf *f* *p*

Soft - ly from life you shall sink to re - pose. Years shall in - vi - si - bly

poco meno mosso

change in - to a - ges, Soon will be gone the re - mem - brance of you;

a tempo, pomposo

I shall re-call you, when war no more rag - es, Bid you at mid - night to

a tempo

f

meno mosso

sol - emn re-view. Danc-ing with heav - y step, till I grow wear - y,

meno mosso

p marcato

poco rall.

I'll stamp the earth, that hence - forth in this drear-y Grave-yard your bones shall for-

poco rall.

ff allargando

molto rit.

ev - er be bound, That you shall nev - er rise up from the ground!

f allargando

molto rit.

f

The Song of Solomon

(Yevréiskaya Pyésnya)

Poem by L. Mey
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)
(after an original Jewish melody)

Andante appassionato

Voice

Piano

p *p* *pp*

As the wild rose am I, as the lil - y of the field;

mf

p

2 Ped.

f

She, my snow-y-breast-ed dove, lit - tle dove of mine, Shin-eth

p

sf *cresc.* *f* *p* *pp*

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fair___ 'midst_ her sis-ters as a - mong thorns the lil - y. Oh my

cresc.

Meno mosso

a tempo

white-breast-ed dove, lit - tle dove_ of mine!

As the fair myr-tle-tree,

l.h.

2 Ped.

2 Ped.

sweet with fra - grant spice,

'Mongst the bar - ren trees that

cresc.

Ped.

p *pp*

with-er in the for-est, Shin - eth my well - be - lov - ed 'midst the host of

p

Meno mosso

f

less - er men, the youth of Is - ra - el. Where-fore hid - est thou, my

cresc. *p* *f*

2 Ped.

beau - ti - ful?

a tempo

pp *ppp*

2 Ped.

Silently Floated a Spirit

(Górnimee tikho letyéla dooshá nyebesámi)

Poem by Count Alexis K. Tolstóï
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

Sostenuto, Lamentoso, Mistico

Voice

Piano

p

Si - lent - ly float - ed a

8 *tremolando*

ppp

spir - it a - cross the high heav - ens, Low - er - ing earth-ward her

8

eye-lids in sor-row - ful dreaming; From them there fell to the

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earth the pure tear-drops of sor - row, Like to a chain of bright

stars were they, end - less and gleam-ing. Meet - ing her, soft - ly the

ppp

oth - er stars ask'd of their sis - ter:

pp

"For what de - spair from thine eyes flow the

pp

tear - drops so burn - ing?" Then did she

con espress.

an - swer and say: "Lo, my thought turn - eth earth - ward;

sf *p*

poco rit.

Might I for - get what I've left there of suf-f'ring and yearn-ing!

pp

poco rit.

p a tempo

Here is no light but the light of the joy of the right - eous,

8

a tempo

pp

Here is no an - ger nor grief in the heav - en - ly cit - y.

8

f

Oh, send me down a - gain earth-ward, Cre - a - tor, I pray Thee,

sf

p

poco rit.

That I may find there some soul that needs com-fort and pit - y!"

poco rit.

pp

ppp

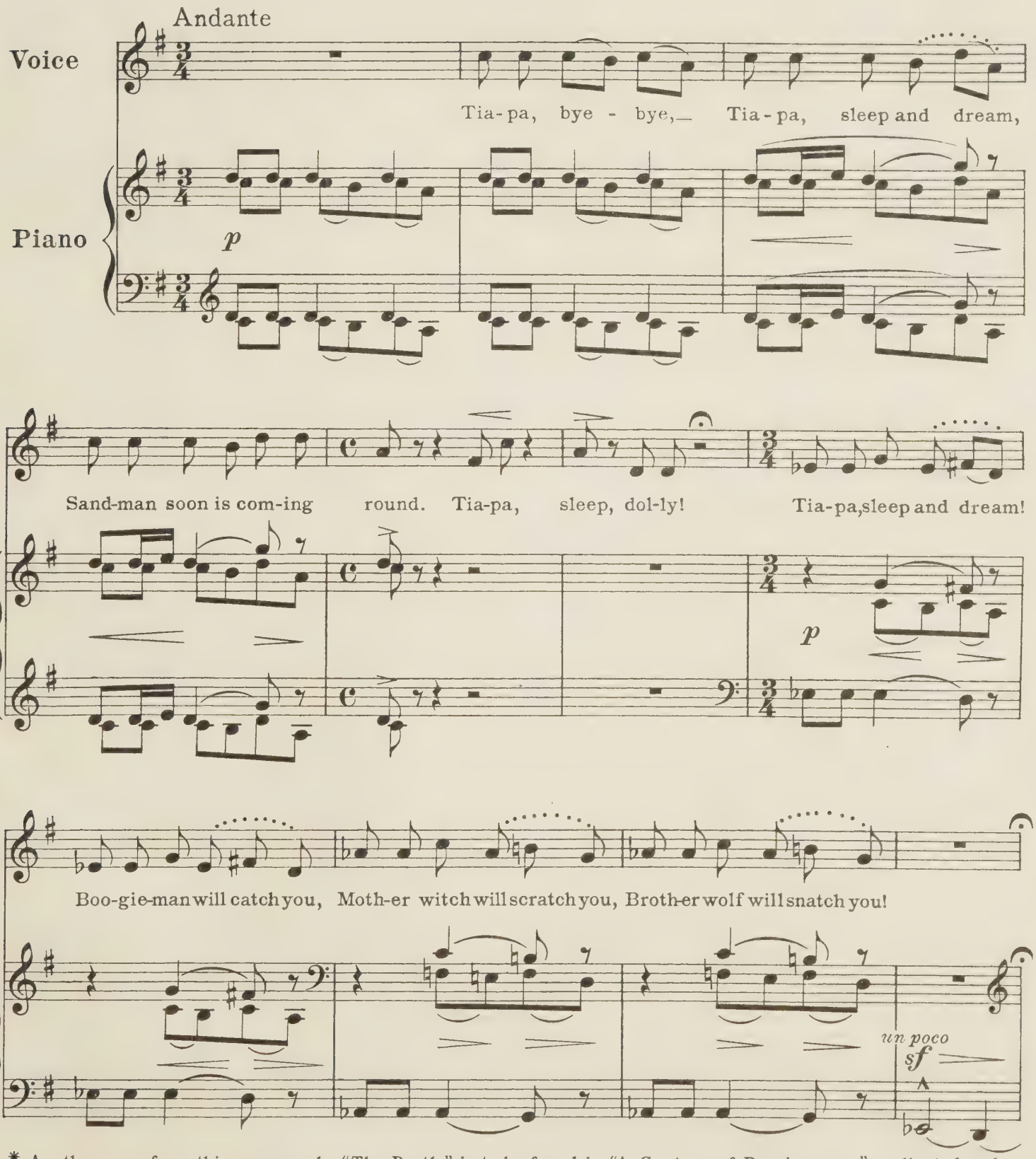
The Doll's Cradle-Song

(S' Kóokloi)

Dedicated to my children, Tániushka and Góga

No. 4 of the cycle
"The Child's Nursery"*
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky



* Another song from this same cycle, "The Beetle" is to be found in "A Century of Russian song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, N. Y. 1911.

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Tia - pa, go to sleep!

p

2 Ped.

Then to - mor - row tell me What you have been dream - ing:

Of won - drous is - lands Free from work and wor - ry,

cresc.

Where the trees are glow - ing Filled with pears of am - ber,

mf

Where in nests of sil - ver Gold - en birds are sing - ing.

dim. *p* *dim.*

5

Bye - bye, lul - la - by! Bye-bye, Tia-pa!

p *pp*

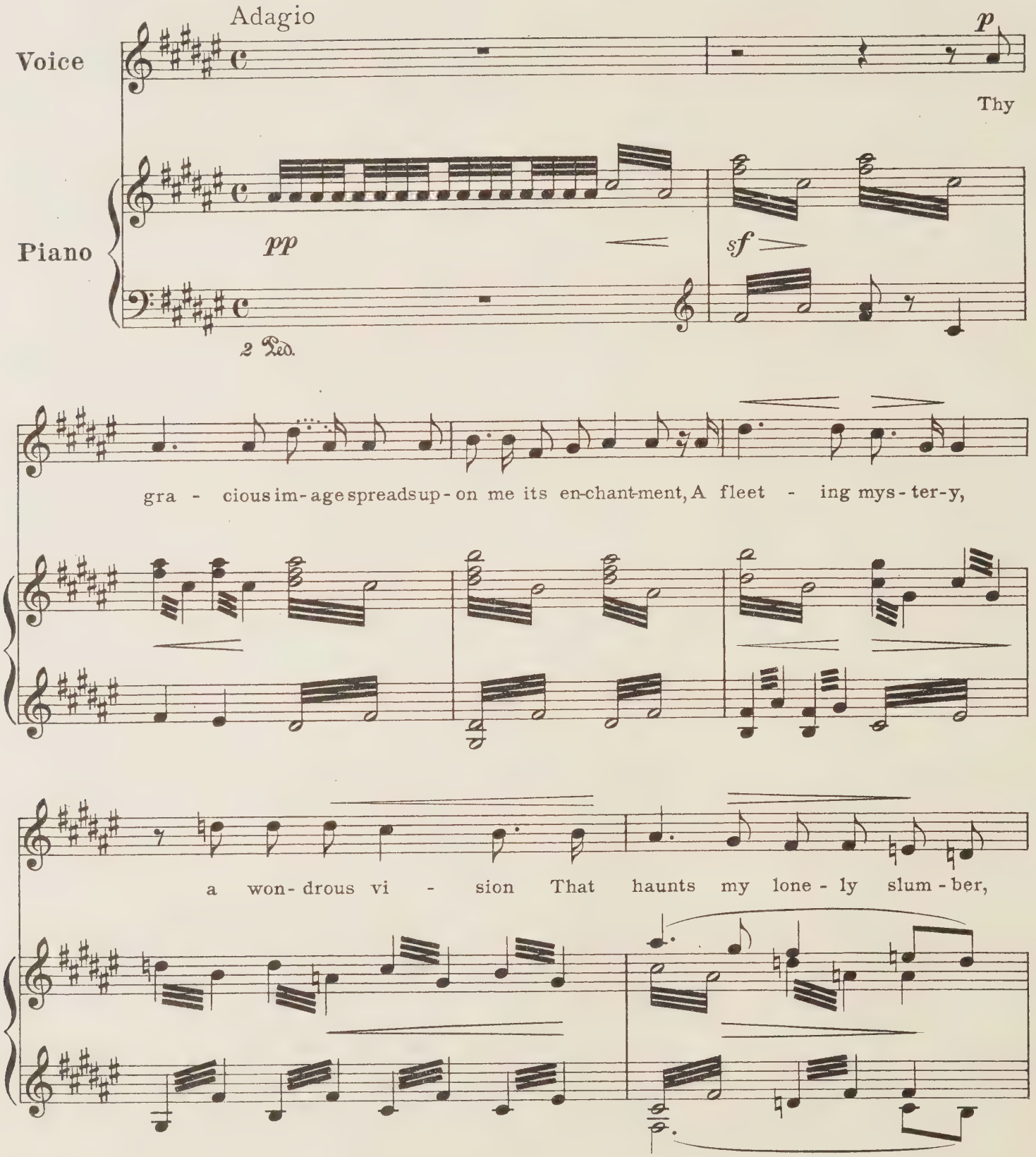
Night

A PHANTASY

(**Notch.** Fantásia)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1864)



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When falls the hour of si - lence.

dim. *ppp*

I hear thee whis - per-ing; Thy mur - mur'd words that

flow up - on mine ear, Like crys - tal foun-tains, in the si - lence of night are

cresc.

float - ing o'er me, All full of hope, all full of com - fort,

cresc.

All full of strength, and

mf

ma - - gic - al ful - fil - ment

pp

and ob - liv - ion.

dim.

ppp

p

When night is dark,

when mid - night sounds,

thine eyes are shin - ing close be - fore my gaze;

cresc. *dimin.*

Ah! they seem to smile at me,

and, lo! I hear thee soft - ly

p

say: My love! my heart's own

pp

friend! I love thee so!

pp

My

pp

rit.

heart is thine!

a tempo

rit.

pp

ppp *dim.*

In My Attic

(V' tchetuiryókh styenákh)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andante tranquillo

Voice

Piano

pp

Lone is my lit - tle room, si - lent and dear to me,

Deep shad - ows hov - er there, grey and im - mov - a - ble.—

cresc.

dim.

Scene of my rev - er - ies, home of my thren - o - dies,

cresc.

dim.

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutóozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 1)

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High as - pi - ra - tions, and hopes of my in - most heart.

Mo-ments of rap-ture that flick - er and die a-gain; Brief, fleet - ing glanc - es of

l.h.

far - dis - tant hap - pi-ness; Doubt and un - cer - tain-ty, sor-row and suf - fer - ing:

Meno mosso e tranquillo

Such are my lone - ly nights there, in my lit - tle room.

pp

After Years

(Menyá tui v'tolpyé nye ōōznála)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andante con moto

Voice

Piano

p

sfpp

Last night, in the crowd, you ig -

nored me; Your eyes gave no sign that they saw; But once more en -

p

snared by your glanc - es, I trem-bled with ter - ror and awe. It

*After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 2)

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was but one flash of re-mem-brance, But in it came back thro' the years

cresc.

pp

cresc.

All mad - ness of pas - sion long van - ish'd, All

f

l.h.

f

sor - row of part - ing and tears!

dim.

p

dim.

pp

Retrospect

(Okóntchen prázdnui, shōōmnui dyen)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Moderato assai

Voice

Piano

f

p

The vain and nois - y day is done; Un - eas - y toil now

ends in dream - ing. Deep si - lence.— Shad - ows of the night Per - vade the

pp

cit - y wrapt in slum-ber. But sleep comes not to soothe mine eyes. Now breaks a

mf

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōōzoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 3)

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mys - tic dawn with - in me; Im - a - gi - na-tion glanc-es back To scan the book of years long

pp

van - ish'd. As if a - new my soul were filled With

pa - gan Spring's en - rap - tured vi - sions, Be - fore my spir - it

poco rit.

floats a train Of hopes, of yearn-ings, fleet - ing fol - lies.... A -

pp poco rit.

a tempo

las! what phan-tom-world is this? I wear - y 'mid the host that haunts me, And

a tempo

p

what their fu - tile voic - es tell Has lost the ma-gic that en-thrall'd me. Of

Andante cantabile

all the shad - ows on - ly one, By faith il - lum - in'd, stands be-fore me, And

l.h.

pp

poco rit.

she_ who loved me long_ a - go Now soft - ly bends a - bove_ my pil - low. And

poco rit.

a tempo *p* *f* *dim.*

once_ a - gain_ my spir - it stirs, And once_ a - gain_ my soul sur - ren-ders.

a tempo *f* *p* *dim.*

pp *f* *rit.*

My tears are fall - ing, tears of rap-ture, Un-heed-ed tears of mys-tic joy._

pp *sf* *p* *rit.* *pp*

Resignation

(Skootcháï)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andantino comodo assai e poco lamentoso

Voice

Piano

Re-sign! Thou art but born to wear - y. He knows not joy, whose heart is dead; Re - turn but glad-dens af - ter part - ing; Who would pre-vail, must ban - ish dread.

p

sf cresc.

f

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No.4)

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Meno mosso

Re-sign, re - sign! But faint - ly—

p

p

sound— with - in thee The call of love, the— voice of truth; With

ly - ing greet - ing dost thou an-swer The vir - gin dreams— of ea-ger youth.

poco rall.

mf

poco rall. ***pp***

a tempo *senza espressione*

Re - sign! With - in pre - des - tined cir - cles From

a tempo

mf *p*

birth to death, thou art not free, While drop by drop thy for - ces van - ish,

pp

Till thou shalt die.... God's peace to thee! God's peace to thee!

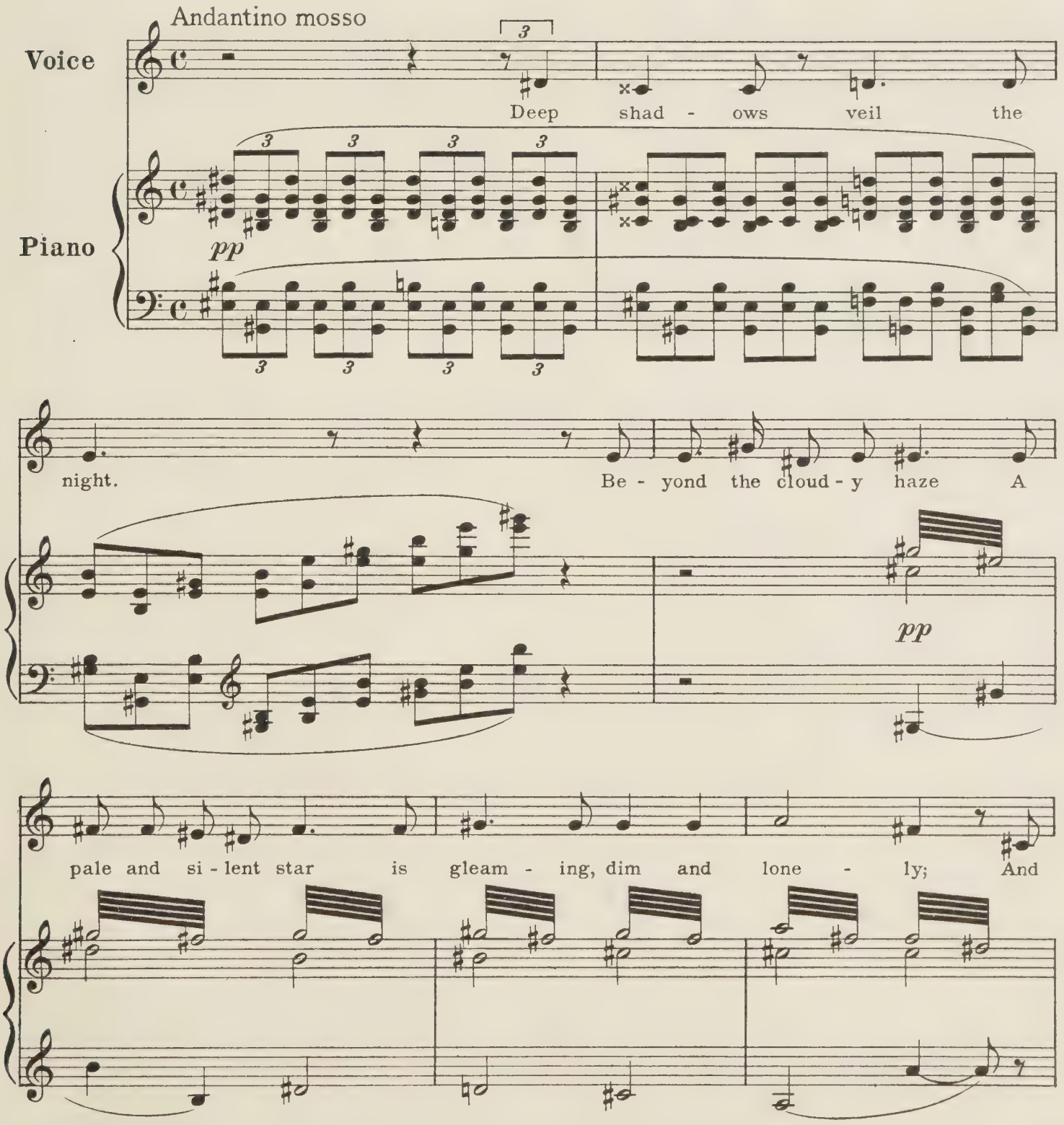
p *poco rall.* *a tempo*

Elegy

(Elégia)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)



*After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutóozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 5)

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faint and far I hear the' mourn - ful tink-ling on - ly Of

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

bells, where dis - tant hors - es graze. Like

rall. *f*

dim. e rall.

Allegro agitato

storm - y clouds of night my in - most thoughts are surg - ing; In

mf

fleet - ing forms they drift, my trou - bled soul sub - mer - ging With

vi - sions from the past, with

ghost - ly hopes and fears Once

real — to me, but long since van - ish'd with the years.

p

They speak of wear - i-ness and weep - ing.... Un-

Andantino mosso

poco meno mosso e cantabile

bid - den fan-cies rise with nev - er aim or end: Some - times their form re - calls a

p

poco meno mosso e cantabile

f

well - be - lov - ed friend, E - vok - ing from the past the thoughts that long lay sleep - ing,—A

Allegro non troppo

mys - tic world of shades and fears up - on me creep - ing. My

mf

tim - id spir - it shrinks from thoughts of fu - ture strife. Me -

thinks I hear a - far the clash - ing

f

din of life; The heart - less world that

mocks, vile trea - sons that op - press me; The

irk - some pet - ti - ness of tri - fles that ob - sess me, The

rall.

f *p* *rall.*

dim. e rit.

great sad bell of Death..... The

mf sfp sfp dim. e rit. poco a poco fp sfpp

(con 2 Pedali)

Andantino mosso

morn - ing-star's white flame Grows faint - er, o - ver-come with shame. She hides her vir-gin face in

pp

joy - less mists of morn - ing, A sym - bol of my fate, a

dumb and sol - emn warn - ing.

The sixth and last song, belonging to this cycle, "Without Sunlight", is to be found in "A Century of Russian Song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, New York, 1911 (page 102-107)

CONSECRATION

The Hallelujah of Love

(Allelúia Lubvēē)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by Modest P. Moussorgsky
From the opera "Khovánshtchina"
Arranged for concert-performance by
Kurt Schindler

Molto moderato

Voice

Piano

f

p

p *pp*

Fa - ther! love is my on - ly sin.

p espress.

Fain would I bring his_

pp sosten.

p

soul sal - va - tion ere he dies.

With him I do not fear to meet my des - ti - ny.

cresc.

p

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For - give me, Lord! Bless me with Thy mer - cy and strengthen me!

f *l. h.* *l. h.* *dim.* *l. h.* *l. h.* *pp*

Ped. Ped.

mf *rall.*

Largo (♩= 48)

Now my heart re-calls the first bright hour of love; Won-drous vi-sions since

pp

then have I be-held. Dark thro' my dreams appear'd the fear lest he prove un-true;

Larghetto (♩= 52)

Black thoughts like an-gry clouds of mid-night hung o-ver me.

p

(appassionato)

Love has been tor-ment and sor-row to_ me, Day or night my_ an-guish'd

pp

simile

soul found no_ rest, For me-seem'd as if the will of_ God I transgress'd, That my

love was a sin a-gainst His ho-ly_ law. Fa-ther, if I_ have sinn'd,

p

if wicked was my_ love, Spare not Thy child, spare not Thine erring child! Oh, take me hence, and

pp

may my bod - y_die, So that by death my soul may be re - deem-ed!

sfz p

ten.

ten.

Ah,_ those burn-ing nights when first_ he spoke to me, Soft - ly whisp'ring of his

dolce

pp

love and my hap - pi - ness! Now has our love been shrouded dark - ly in_ sombre clouds,

p

Now has the i - cy hand of Fate_ gripp'd our hearts, Now, be-hold, the hour of_

r.h.

espress.

death is at_hand, My be - lov - ed, I bid thee now a_ last fare-well. Hal-le-

l.h.

lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

dim.

pp

dolciss.

3

3

p

pp

smorzando

* For concert-performances the air can finish here.

(The Funeral Pyre)

Tempo di Marcia funebre (♩ = 66)

Hark! Dost thou hear, a - far be - yond the for - est,

mf *p*

Clash and din of arms that pro - claim the hosts approach-ing? Lost! all is lost!

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

See, they sur-round us! No - where to hide us, no - where sal-va-tion!

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

'Twas Fate her-self that weld - ed close our lives to-geth - er; Now we must die, the

pp *cresc.*

voice of Doom has spo-ken! No tears a-vail, nor an-y sigh-ing or_ reproach-es; The

pp *cresc.*

rit. Largo *(come prima)*

hour now has struck, the hour of con-se-cra-tion._ Ah!_ my heart re-calls the

rit. *pp misterioso*

dolce

first bright hour of love! Ah!_ those burning nights of love and hap-pi-ness!

pp

In fier-y fur-naces shall our love_ be tem-pered for aye!

ppp *mp sostenuto* *smorzando*

MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

Collected and Edited by
KURT SCHINDLER

◈

The English versions by George Harris, Jr.,
Deems Taylor, Sigmund Spaeth and Kurt Schindler

◈

Vol. I. Twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky
Vol. II. Twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Rimsky-Kórsakoff, Borodíne, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff.

◈

Paper edition, $2.00 net each volume
Both volumes bound in one in cloth, gilt, $4.50 net

New York · G. SCHIRMER · Boston

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PREFACE

"Now 'tis time for thee to spread thy wings, O Russian song!
Song of happy tidings, conquering and plentiful!
Song of cities great, of villages and rolling fields!
Song, slow nurtured in the stress of storm and misery!
Russian song, in red blood and tears baptized art thou
And washed clean!"

These opening words of Balákireff's first song in this book might well serve as the motto of the collection. Great, gigantic has been the development, the forward stride of Russian song in the last century; all the dormant powers of the soul, all the pent-up energies of a long-enslaved, highly-gifted people, have been released from bondage and found their outlet in music—music of such throbbing intensity, that it thrilled a listening and attentive world and awakened its hope, its confidence in the future destinies of the Russian people as the bearer of such new messages.

Russian music—preceded in its onward sweep only by Russian literature—has come to hold the centre of attention in the last decade, and the prophecy it bore for receptive and impressionable listeners has been fulfilled in the unprecedented happenings of this year 1917, when the fetters of bondage fell by the supreme will of the people and Russia emerged with a lofty proclamation of idealism, which—even against new obstacles—must lead her to towering heights.

"Now 'tis time for thee to spread thy wings, O Russian song!
Not alone hast thou matured and become thy glorious self:
Brought from desert places, thou art white with snow and rain,
Thou art risen from the ashes of our burning homes,
Thou art risen up from our dark graves
In whirls of snow!"

How much suffering, what misery and agony of centuries, have gone into the making of Russian song! Oppression has moulded Russian hearts and penetrated to their deepest sources, their very core! The narrow horizon of what amounted to slavery had driven the people together into a closer human relationship, had developed the mystic powers of

their soul; and thus, under the yoke of tyranny, grew in their hearts a garden of folk-song, whose wealth it is impossible to measure. Thus soulfulness and profound sincerity have come to be the main characteristics of the true Russians.

Their composers have often, and very happily, had recourse to the folk-song treasures of Russia; in fact, the work of Balákireff, Moussórgsky and Rimsky-Kórsakoff is, to a large extent, founded upon a systematic adaptation of folk-melody. There is enough of this in the works of Glinka, Dargomyzhsky and Tchaïkovsky to command attention; and again, among present-day composers, Gretchanínoff and Stravínsky have shown a leaning towards it, although in very different ways. It is necessary to understand this in order to appreciate the homogeneity of Russian music in the last century; these composers were fortunate enough to build their work as on a rock, because they were united by the high ideal of creating a *national* art, close to the beloved idiom of their people.

This development is apparently well-nigh closed: the towering figures of recent Russian music, the fanciful and fantastic Scryábin (d. 1916) and the highly individual Rachmáninoff are already pursuing new paths, and the creative musicians of Moscow and Petrograd are split into many factions and schools, some following the lead of neo-French, some of neo-German methods, but without evolving any definite style as yet.

In view of the necessarily limited space of this little book it was not thought expedient to include certain of these latest protagonists of Russian music, although it would have been easy to cull interesting specimens from the works of Medtner, Vassilénko, Tanéieff (d. 1915), Glière, Gnyésin and Stravínsky. The very numerous songs of Aryénsky and Bleichmann have likewise been omitted, because—be it frankly stated—being mostly shallow and sugary, and smacking of "parlor-music," they hardly deserve a place beside the lofty creations of Russia's greatest. And Glazounóff, the accomplished director of the Petrograd Conservatory, has written comparatively few songs, which do not rank among his most representative work.

Thus the contributions by living composers were restricted to the two acknowledged modern masters of song, Rachmáninoff and Gretchanínoff, whose works enjoy the widest popularity in Russia, and whose names already loom large on American concert-programs.

The major portion of our book is given to the songs of Rimsky-Kórsakoff, with their wealth and charm of melody. To choose among his well-nigh 200 songs seemed at first a formidable task and responsibility. But frequent playing and scanning revealed this outstanding fact—that the finest, the most direct and characteristic songs of his Muse are contained in his early publications, Op. 2, 3, 4 and 7 (written 1866-1867). In later years all his best creative ability went into the making of his operatic works, while the songs took on more and more a superficial aspect, as if written only for parlor purposes and noth-

27750

ing else. What marvellous creations of song, however, are contained in his operatic scores! The examples here quoted from "Sadko," "The Tsar's Bride," "Christmas Night" and "The Golden Cockerel," will demonstrate this fact convincingly to the readers of this album, just as the songs of Lel from his "Snyegoúrotchka" (Little Snowflake) captivated the hearts of the public when they came out in our first collection, "A Century of Russian Song" (G. Schirmer, 1911).

Two songs of Balákireff, which open the present volume, will draw attention to this purposeful and sagacious man, the inspiring and fostering spirit of the great musical movement of Russia in the 'sixties. He was the central figure in the constellation of The Five, which comprised Moussórgsky, Borodíne, Cui and Rimsky-Kórsakoff, and though his legacy be less voluminous and may (to some extent) lack the persuasive genius of some of his disciples, we have to acknowledge a superior personality which could thus influence the trend and thought of the best of his time. One song by Borodíne, full of the sweet essences of Asia, which give a special fragrance to this Caucasian's work, is included; while the name of César Cui is missing, as the least characteristic and most antiquated of the group.—The songs of Moussórgsky are given in a separate volume, together with an æsthetic appreciation of their value.

A special word of explanation and apology seems needed about the choice of the two —and only two—Tchaïkovsky numbers. The fact is, that almost all the finest songs by Tchaïkovsky have become fairly familiar to the American public, as well as to other English-speaking countries, and that they are available in appropriate translations. To the few songs which heretofore had been undeservedly neglected, because not as yet translated, belongs his "By the Window," with its charming, subtle fragrance and noble, enthusiastic swing. The Duo from "Romeo and Juliet" contains the melodic substance of Tchaïkovsky's like-named symphonic poem, whose tender, impassioned middle section (as I have reason to believe) has countless admirers among music-lovers. This duet, then, which is as yet completely unknown in America, will give to many the longed-for opportunity to sing these adorable strains, and I venture to predict that it will become a favorite for music-festivals, wherever a fine soprano and tenor are available at the same time.

In order that the musical public should have a correct evaluation and the right sense of chronological distance toward all the Russian music now holding sway in our concert-halls, a few facts must be borne in mind, which may be mentioned here. The first great composers of the nineteenth century, Glinka and Dargomyshsky, antedated by a score of years the above-mentioned "Five," and their main activity fell in the years from 1835 to 1850 (that is, in the time of Chopin and Schumann). During the following ten years

Anton Rubinstein sallied forth on his international career and Tchaïkovsky began to lay the foundation for his popularity. Between 1860 and 1880 the five composers of Balákireff's circle came to the fore in rapid succession, realizing their gigantic dream of the founding of a truly national Russian music. Rimsky-Korsakoff and Balákireff, both living to an advanced age, continued their work, with unflagging zeal and inspiration, after the death of the others, until well into the twentieth century (Rimsky died in 1908, Balákireff in 1910). Around these two central figures a host of highly talented younger composers grew up (many of whom were personal pupils of Rimsky), and among these the two most gifted in the domain of song are still living and creating: Rachmáninoff (born 1873) and Gretchanínoff (born 1864).

The former, also well known as one of the world's leading pianists, comes of an old aristocratic family; and a spirit of noble plasticity, of earnest pathos and a singular high-minded aloofness give the stamp to his work. He is closer to Tchaïkovsky than any other modern Russian, and holds the work of the older master in almost fanatical reverence. From the pages of his lyrics speaks a deep love for the nature of the Russian countryside, a descriptive power derived from the mystic forces of the soil, and a tenderness and delicacy of detail which may stand side by side with Turgénieff's delineations of Russian landscape. Considering, further, his impeccable accuracy of drawing, and an uncommon gift for colorful instrumentation, Rachmáninoff indeed seems entitled to rank among the most accomplished composers of our time, as in fact—in whatever concerns nobility of feeling and aversion to compromise—he most nearly approaches the classical ideal of what a composer ought to be!

Gretchanínoff's fame is based on comparatively few compositions, although he has written much. His songs from opus 1 and opus 5 have met with overwhelming approval in and outside of Russia; no lyrics that he has written since have as yet found a similar echo. However, the power of Gretchanínoff to find simple, noble strains that reach the heart, is not vanishing, a fact attested by his inspired choral creations for the Russian liturgical service. Gretchanínoff comes of humble parentage; the traditions of folk-song and of the music of the Orthodox Church live strong in him, and his power is greatest when he can speak simply and directly, out of that rarest of possessions, a golden heart.

In these twenty-five songs a great many of the chief characteristics of Russian music are revealed: the folk-song element, the deep sense for nature, the wild strains of melancholy and the subtle, soothing dreams of Asia and the Orient.

The long-drawn-out phrases of northern Russian folk-song find artistic rebirth in Rimsky's song from the "Tsar's Bride," in Balákireff's "Invocation," in Rachmáninoff's song of the soldier's wife, and in Gretchanínoff's cradle-song, which last is a very free

development of an old folk-melody. Little-Russian rhythms—affiliated with the Polish Mazurka—pervade the "Love-Song of Oxána," the village beauty of the Ukraine. Wild strains, and the boundless longing of the Russian for the "shirókoye razdólie" (the wide expanse of nature) of the Volga Ballads speak from Gretchanínoff's "My Native Land;" while the glowing treasures of the imaginative Russian fairy tale are displayed in such songs as Rimsky's "The Maid and the Sun," Rachmáninoff's "Enchanted Isle," and Sadko's praise of the realm of the Ocean-King. Here all is a-glitter with the crystalline colors of pearls, sapphires, rubies and emeralds; all the dream-world of a rich, naïve imagination is opened up.—But Russia is so vast, she does not need only to dream of the treasures of the Orient; she owns within her Asiatic borders much that is among the world's most picturesque and exotic treasures. The strains of the mountain-folk of the Caucasus, the Grusenians and Armenians, the chants of the conglomerate races of Turkestan, the miniature imagery of Persia, all these are within easy reach of the Muscovite composers, in many of whose veins runs a strain of Asiatic blood. And so in many songs of Russia the whole splendor of the Orient discloses itself, like a living, fragrant flower, not as a strange, exotic product, as in much of the music of modern France. Rimsky's "Eastern Romance" and his song of the "Serenely Smiling Sky," Rachmáninoff's description of a fair Georgian belle (with its characteristic contrast between the imperturbably placid major key of the accompaniment and the minor strains of the chant), and the same composer's "Songs of Grusia"—these four songs transplant the listener vividly under the blue sky of the Caucasus with its placid, translucent nights and its perfume-laden air. Borodíne's "Arabian Melody," so passionate in its tender throbbing, takes us further into the realm of the "Arabian Nights" (note the small compass of the melody, a characteristic of Arabian song!); and Rimsky's Air of the Fairy Queen, from his grotesque exotic opera "The Golden Cockerel" (after Púshkin), leads us to the extreme confines of Russia, to the borders of China.

Russian composers have a splendid asset in the rich store of Russian poetry: Púshkin, Lérmontoff, Koltsóff, Mey, Nikítin, Tyútcheff, Bálmont, Mereshkóvsky, Alexis Tolstóï, all these are represented by one or more lyrics in the present book, and special emphasis must be laid on such poetic conceptions as Lérmontoff's "The Cloud and the Mountain," and A. Tolstóï's "Wounded Birch."

Much of the charm of these songs is intimately interwoven with an understanding of their poetry, and in this conviction no effort has been spared on the part of my collaborators, Messrs. George Harris, Jr., Deems Taylor, and Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, and myself, to translate the meaning of them as nearly adequately as possible, and to give them in rhyme and general form a corresponding character. Dr. Spaeth's contribution, made as

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long as three years ago, is an attempt at the complex task of saving as much as possible of the Shakespearian original in the adaptation. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Harris have given their work, either independently or "in general council," with a patience and self-denial which—as long as the public would otherwise not even surmise it—I desire herewith to acknowledge with my profoundest thanks. The growth of this book has been slow; it was planned as long as four years ago, after the success of "A Century of Russian Song;" was almost finished and translated in the Spring of 1914—only to be recast and retranslated to a great extent after my trip to Moscow in 1914, where a thorough investigation at the source of all the published Russian songs impressed me with the necessity of altering certain selections.

Most of the songs will be new to the general public; a few have already become known by being sung in French—for which there is really no excuse before an English-speaking audience. Only Mr. George Harris, Jr., the established pioneer for Russian music among American singers, has presented some of these lyrics from time to time at his recitals, as he did likewise in a lecture on Russian Music at the National Arts Club of New York, Dec. 28, 1914, at which the editor of this book addressed a very numerous audience on the main characteristics of the Russian art-song—as outlined in this preface.

One feature of that evening was the deep impression produced by Rachmáninoff-Mereshkóvsky's lyric, "The Lord is Risen," which, under the pall of the world-war just beginning, seemed to preach such a remarkable sermon. Almost three years have elapsed since then, and the fervent outcry speaks even louder and more penetratingly, with its Russian Easter-greeting:

"The Lord is risen!" His praise is ringing,
But in my soul is naught but shame.
Blood fills the world and tear-drops stinging,
And at the altar this loud singing
Seems like an insult to His name.
And should He choose the worthy from us
Who should eternal light attain,
He would but find: Hate has o'ercome us
And brothers wrangle, to His pain;
And should He come to where is ringing
"The Lord is risen" from one and all,
Before the host what tear-drops stinging
Would fill His sad eyes, at our fall!

New York City,
August 31, 1917.

KURT SCHINDLER.

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MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

BALÁKIREFF, TCHAÏKOVSKY, RIMSKY-KÓRSAKOFF,

BORODINE, GRETCHANÍNOFF AND RACHMÁNINOFF.

INVOCATION

To Russia

(Zapyévka)

Poem by L. Mey
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Mili Balákireff

Andante (♩ = 58)

Voice

Piano

quasi Oboe

Now 'tis time for

thee to spread thy wings, O Rus-sian song! Song of hap - py ti-dings, con -

- - quer-ing and plen-ti-ful! Song of cit-ies great, of vil - la-ges and

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poco a poco agitato

mf

roll - ing fields! Song, slow nur-tured in_ the stress of storm and mis - er -

poco a poco agitato

f *poco a poco rit.* *ff* Adagio

y! Rus - sian song, in red blood and tears bap - tized art thou,___

poco a poco rit.

f *ff* *f*

mf *p* Tempo Iº

And_ wash - ed clean!_

quasi Oboe

mf *p* *p*

p *pp* *p*

Now 'tis time for thee to spread thy wings, O Rus-sian song! Not a -

p

lone hast thou ma-tured and be-come thy glo-rious self: Brought from

mf poco a poco agitato

des-ert plac-es, thou art white with snow and rain, Thou art ris-en from the

poco a poco agitato

mf

poco a poco rit.

f

Adagio

p

ash-es of our burn-ing homes, Thou art ris-en up from our dark

poco a poco rit.

f

p

pp

graves, In whirls of snow!

pp

p

pp

The Call of Freedom

(«Mnye li molodsú razoodálomu»)

Poem by Koltsóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Mili Balákireff

Allegretto

Voice

Piano

quasi Oboe

p

p

Young and bold am_ I,

Long to roam and_ rove,_ Will not spend my_youth Loung-ing by the stove.

Nev-er was I made For to till and_ sow,_ For to thrash the_grain,

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f energico

For to reap and mow,– I, so young and bold! Had I

f

to my need But a stur - dy steed And a dag - ger bright And dark

p *ppp*

woods, dark woods by night!

sf *r. h.* *pp*

poco rit. *a tempo*

p

mf

Then I'd mount my_ horse, Don my Cos - sack_ dress,_

mf

Sword in hand I'd_ rove Far from care and_ stress;

Thro' dark for - ests' gloom Bold and free I'd_ ride,_

f poco allarg.

I, a brave young lad, Known the coun-try wide!

a tempo

f poco allarg.

mf

p

By the Window

(«Rastvoríl ya oknó»)

Poem by K. R.
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Piotr Ilyítch Tchaïkovsky
Op. 63, No. 2

Allegro

Voice

Piano

mf

f

To the win-dow I rushed, and I sank to my knees, And I wor-shipp'd the Spring and his

mf

p

pow - er; And I felt in my face the ca - ress of the breeze And the

mf

p

mf

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Poco meno mosso

p

scent of the li-lacs in flow-er. Thro' the si-lence of night

dolce

p

came the night-in-gale's song, And I lis-ten'd with rap-ture and yearn-ing;

mf

f

rit.

For my far-dis-tant home-land his voice made me long, Brought the

rit.

mf

p

mf Tempo Io

mem-'ries of child-hood re-turn-ing. For he

p

p

sang like the bird ____ that I knew long a - go, Ere my

fate sent me forth ___ as a va - grant, ___ When he pour'd out his song ___

mf

f

mf

___ in a rav-ish-ing flow ____ On the branch of the li - lac so fra - grant.

rit.

rit.

p

mf

Tempo Io

f

rit.

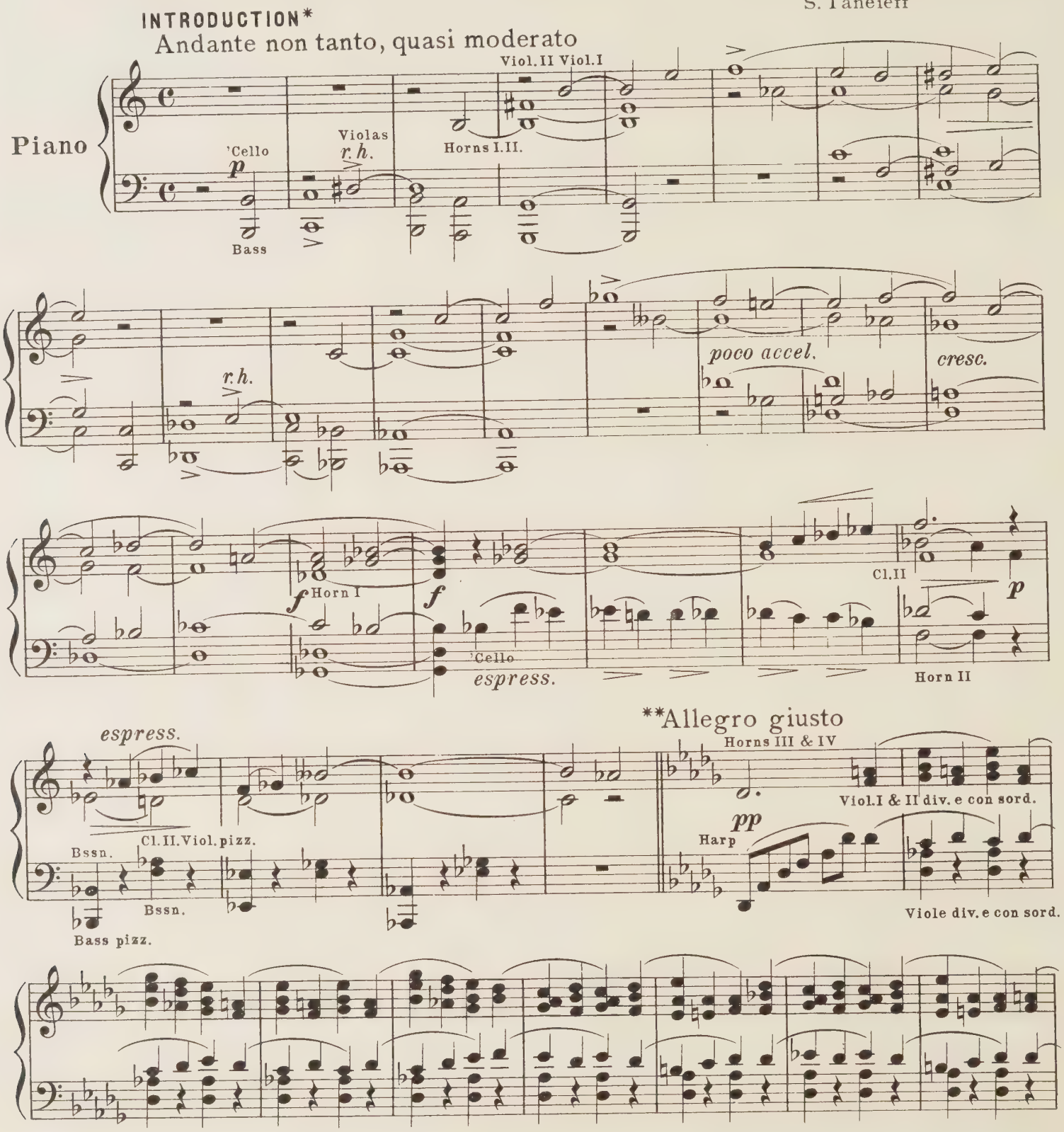
Romeo and Juliet
(Romeo i Julietta)

DUET

for Soprano and Tenor, with Mezzo-Soprano *ad libitum*

English version by Sigmund Spaeth,
adapted from Shakespeare's
"Romeo and Juliet", Act III, Scene V

Piotr Ilyitch Tchaïkovsky
From an unfinished, posthumous work,
completed and orchestrated by
S. Tanéïeff



* This Introduction, constructed with themes from the Overture (of the same name) and from the Duet, was written by Tanéïeff.
** For scenic performance, Curtain here.– Juliet's room. Daybreak. Romeo and Juliet seated by the window.

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Fl.

Cl. Solo

pp

cresc.

Horn I.II

Horn III

Fl. I. in 8ve col Oboe

Andante (♩ = 80)**

Viol.

Oboe I

Clar. I

p

Bssn. I

Bssn. II
Bass

Horn I

cresc.

sf

dim.

⊕ For performances without orchestra begin here.

* Romeo rises, intending to leave. ** Juliet bids him stay.

Duet

L'istesso tempo

Juliet

Love, 'tis not day, the night-in - gale is sing - ing;

L'istesso tempo*

Strings

p

then be not fear-ful. Night - ly she sings on

Romeo *p* *dim.*

No, not the night-in - gale.

Fl.

fp Clar.

cresc. Horn I

Eng. Horn

Ped. *

poco cresc. *mf*

yon-der pome-gran-ate, Be-lieve me, love, it is the night-in -

mf

No, not the night-in -

* Tchaïkovsky's own sketch begins here. In this sketch the vocal parts were minutely written out, but the accompaniment was partly missing.

gale and not the lark, not the lark!

gale, no, a - las, 'tis the lark! No,

Cl. Cl.II Ob.I Horn I Bass pizz.

'tis the lark, the her - ald of the morn - ing;

Bssn.II Bssn.I Horn II

No, 'tis the night-in - gale!

the night is end - ed. No,

Horns Fl.I.II Eng.Horn

poco cresc.

'tis the lark, the her - ald of the morn - ing,

poco cresc.

mf

Love, wilt thou be

cresc.

who comes to greet the day!

mf

Look, love, it is the

mf

p

gone? Have no

pp

fear, 'tis not the

p

dawn, dear - - est

pp

love, 'tis the

Ob.

p

lark!

dawn. Look, love, what en - vious streaks there Do lace the

p *poco cresc.*

marcato

Horn Solo

(B) 'Cello & Bass pizz

sev - 'ring clouds in yon - der East! I must be

Oboe Eng. Horn

dim.

gone, for death a-waits my stay - ing.

p

The jo - cund day stands on the moun - tain tops, the

Horn I

Violas

night is o'er. Fare - - well, _____ I must be

cresc.

Viol.I

Horn II

Horn III

cresc.

f

gone, love, for death a - waits my stay - ing.

p

Poco più mosso

f

Be not fear - ful,—

p

yon light is not the dawn! _

Poco più mosso

Ob.I

p

cresc.

A me-teor of the night_ shines like a torch on thy way, my love; then

animando

Cl.I

p

poco a poco cresc.

Eng.Horn

'Celli

f

stay, _ thou need-est not _ be gone!

Cl.II

f

Horns

Bssn I

Bssn.II

Bassi div.

f risoluto

Then let me die! I care not!

p espress.

I am con-tent,

f

Fl.

pp

Ob.I

Eng.Horn

Timp.

Allegro giusto

p espress.

Ah, be -

so thou wilt have it so, then death is wel - come!

espress.

Allegro giusto

Viol.I & II div.
e con sord.

pp

Cl.I.II

Bssn.II

Harp

Cello & Bass
pizz.

lov - ed!

p

Yes, 'tis true, yon grey is not the morn, Yon light is not the

Viole div.
e con sord.

There sings the night - in-gale!

O night of rap-ture,

day!

'Tis true, I hear it!

cresc.

hide us yet!

O night, O night of love!

Then wel-come death, I am con-tent!

Bssn.
Bass pizz.

poco accelerando

mf

cresc.

molto espress.

Day shall not come a-gain,'tis night! O night of

poco accelerando

cresc.

Harp.

mf

Horns

love, stay, thou must not yet be gone, Faith-ful night, stay,

Più mosso

Ah, 'tis the dawn!

and with thy darkness hide our love!

Più mosso

Viol.I & II senza sord.

Flutes

Timp.
Bass

I know it!

Yon light is not the day, no, no! Love,

Andante

p dolce

'tis not day, the night-in-gale is sing - ing, Then be not fear - ful.

Andante

p

cresc.

p *dim.*

No, not the night-in - gale.

Night - - ly she sings on

fp

Ped. ✻

mf

No, not the night-in -

poco cresc. *mf*

yon-der pome-gran- ate. Be-lieve me, love, it is _____ the night-in -

p *dim.* (D) *mf*

gale, no, a - las, 'tis the lark! No,

p *dim.*

gale and not the lark, not the lark!

(D)

'tis the lark, the her-ald of the morn - ing; the night is end - ed.

poco cresc.

p *poco cresc.*

No, 'tis the lark, the

p *dim.*

No, 'tis the night-in - gale!

sf *p*

cresc.

her - ald of the morn - ing, who comes to greet the day!

poco cresc.

mf

Look, love, it is the dawn,

p

dear - - est

mf

No, 'tis not the dawn,

p

dear - - est

p

pp

love, 'tis the dawn!

Ⓔ Più mosso

Nurse (from outside)

Ju - liet - ta! Ju - liet - ta!

pp

love, 'tis not the dawn!

Più mosso

Oboe

Horns

mf

Tpts

Timp.

Ⓔ fp

fp

⊕ For performances without available Mezzo-Soprano (Nurse) cut the next-following 10 measures.

Juliet

f

The nurse is call - ing!

Nurse

f

My dear-est child, the

Romeo *f*

Ah! ——— A - las!

cresc.

sf

Tpts.

p

day has come! I pray you haste, 'tis time that you should part. Your la-dy

Viol. pizz

Tpts.

sf *p*

'Cello pizz.

moth - - er comes to give you greet-ing. Ah nurse, we'll

Juliet

Tpts.

sf

*) dawn.

heed thy warn-ing.

*) dawn.

f

Fare -

f

But one mo - - ment yet! Fare -

cresc.

well now, dear - - est! It is the hour of

well now, dear - - est! It is the hour of

Tpts.

ff

Timp.

Ped.

dim.

part - - ing!

part - - ing!

Horns

dim.

*) Use small notes if Nurse's part is cut.

Allegro giusto *pp*

Fare - well, thou night of lov - er's joy, Of rap - ture full, with -

pp

Fare - well, thou night of lov - er's joy, Of rap - ture full, with -

Allegro giusto

Viol.I.II con sord.

pp

Harp

Viole div.
con sord.

out al - loy, Fare - well, each kiss and fond ca - ress, Fare - well, thou dream of

out al - loy, Fare - well, each kiss and fond ca - ress, Fare - well, thou dream of

hap - pi - ness! Why couldst thou not one mo - ment stay? Why must thou flee be -

hap - pi - ness! Why couldst thou not one mo - ment stay? Why must thou flee be -

cresc.

fore the day? O night, fare - well, O night!

cresc. e poco accel.

mf

fore the day? Canst thou not

cresc. e poco accel.

'Celli div.
con sord.

molto espr.

hide the dawn-ing light? O night of

Harp

mf

Bssn.I
Bass

pp

Ⓕ

f

love, stay, thou must not yet be gone, Faith-ful

espress.

p

Ⓕ

night, stay, and with thy dark - ness hide

p espr.

And now fare - well, my

p

our love! Now, a - las, the

Flute

love, a - las! the light of day Has come to

cresc.

light of day Comes to drive the night a - way.

Horn II

poco cresc.

end our joy and drive the night a -

mp

Cru - el dawn, hide thy light, grant our love the

mf *f*

way. Ah, cru - el dawn, wilt thou no long - er

mf

veil of night! Ah, thou cru - el dawn!

mf

cresc. *rit.*

hide thy light? Must lov - ers part be - fore thee,

f *rit.* *ff*

Wilt thou not be - gone? Must we part be - fore thee?

cresc. *rit.* *f*

a tempo

since thou hast con - quer'd night? 'Tis the

a tempo *f*

Ju - liet - ta! Be - lov - ed! Ju -

a tempo

hour, love, when we must say fare - well.

liet - ta! Love, fare - well! Fare -

p

p molto string. *cresc.* *f*

Be - lov - ed! Be - lov - ed! One last fare -

molto string. *f*

well! Fare - well! Fare - well, Ju -

molto string. *cresc.*

p

well,

liet - - - - - - - - -

f *cresc.* Tpts.

pp

love! The night has fled a - way, The

pp

- - ta! The night has fled a - way, The

ff Fl. Cl. *pp* Bssns

day has come. Fare - well!

day has come. Fare - well!

Horns Strings pizz. Wood-wind Harp Tpts. Horns *pp*

p

Fare - well!

p

(Romeo descends through the window)

Love, now fare thee well!

* 8

Strings

'Cello

Bass

marcato

Bssn. I

p espress.

Ⓗ

Ah, love, now fare thee well!

Fare - well!

Bssn. I

Ⓗ

p

Fare - well, fare - well!

dim.

p

Fare - well!

dim.

pp

Fare -

English Horn

pp

sf

sf

* These closing measures, taken from Tchaïkovsky's Overture to "Romeo and Juliet", do not appear in his sketches for the Duet.

pp

Fare - - well! Fare - - well!

well, fare - well! Fare - - well!

Cl.

Bssn.I

Fare - - well!

Fare - - well!

pizz.

ppp

Fare - well!

ppp

Fare - well!

Viol.Solo

Fl.

Horns
Harp *l. h.*

Ob.

pizz.

pizz.

HYMN TO THE SUN

Air of the Queen of Shemakhá

(Piésn Shemakhánskoi tzarítzui "K'sólntzu")

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Deems Taylor

From the fairy opera
"The Golden Cockerel"
(Zolotói Pyetushók) by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff (1907

Allegro moderato

Voice

Piano

f

dim. poco a poco

The Queen of Shemakhá

dolce

Andantino (♩ = 76)

To me give an - swer, sun clear -

poco rit.

molto rit.

pp

sight - ed! From east-ern lands you now re - turn; My own dear

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land have you not light - ed? To tell its dreams do you not

yearn? Do still in splen - dour glow the_ ros - es? Still burn the

cresc. poco

p

cresc. poco

lil - ies' fier - y_ sheaves? While the blue dra - - - - - gon-fly re -

f *f* *a piacere*

mf

pos - - - - - - - es His grace - - - ful_

p *a piacere* *a tempo*

pp

p

f *poco rit. dim.* *molto rit.* *a tempo*

form_____ on purple leaves? His grace - - ful form_ on pur-ple leaves?

mf *pp molto rit.* *a tempo*

When in the eve - ning man - y a_ maid - en Comes to the

dolce

foun - tain with_ soft_ songs, Is still her heart with pas - sion

la - den, Dreaming of him for whom she__ longs? And comes at

night a bold young lov - er, To tell a - new sweet pas-sion's

poco cresc.

p

cresc. poco

tale, With longing glanc - - - - - - es to dis-

f

a piacere

a tempo

a tempo

mf

6 6

r.h.

dim.

p

a piacere

cov - - - - - - er Her beau - - - ty

a tempo

a tempo

pp

6 6

r.h.

p

through her jeal-ous veil? Her beau - - - ty

poco rit.

6 6

f

poco rit.

dim. *molto rit.* *a tempo* *dolce*

through_ her jeal - ous veil? And when blue

a tempo

pp *molto rit.*

night be - gins to_ dark - en, On si - lent feet to him_ she_

dolce

slips,– Does yet her pas - sion bid him heark - en Un-to the

poco cresc.

vow up - on her_ lips? Does yet her pas - sion bid him hearken, does yet her

p poco cresc.

pas - sion bid_ him heark - en Un-to the vow_

f

Ossia

lips? Ah! _____ on her

_____ up-on her lips? Ah! _____ on her

p

f

poco rit. *molto rit.* *a tempo*

lips, Ah! _____ to the mes - sage of_ her_ lips?

p

pp molto rit.

a tempo

p

allarg. poco a *poco*

pp

The Cloud and the Mountain

(Notchevála tōōtchka zolotáya)

Poem by M. Lérmontoff
English version by
Deems Taylor

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op. 3, No. 3 (1866)

Andante (♩= 69)

Voice

Piano

pp

Thro' the night a gold-en cloud-let rest - ed On a

p

pp

p

lof - ty moun-tain, steep-ly crest - ed; Came the morn, and on a-gain she

drift - ed,

r.h.

Smil-ing to the sun with face up-

r.h.

l.h.

dim.

ppp

p

pp

Ped.

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lift - ed. On the

moun - tain's crag there rest - ed on - ly Fra - gile sil - ver dew-drops — Lorn and

cresc.

f dim.

lone - ly He re - mained, his mournful vi - gil keep - ing,

p *pp*

Ped. *

p

Wrapt in thought, and lost in si - lent weep - - - - ing.

p *legato* *pp*

con 2 Ped.

To César Cui

In Silent Woods

(V'tiómnoi róshtchye zamólk salavyéi)

Poem by Nikítin
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op. 4, No. 3 (1866)

Allegretto (♪ = 138)

Piano

pp

Ped.

Meno mosso

p

pp

Ped.

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dolce

Sings the night - in-gale now his last note,

p

Falls a star in the splen-dor of night, Thro' wild branch - es the pale moon-beams

p

Ped. ✻

Tempo I°

float, In the grass-es the dew glistens white.

dim.

pp

poco più f

Soft - ly touched by the moon's ten-der kiss, How en - dear - ing-ly shimmers thy

Meno mosso

f *pp* *p*

Ped. *

f *rit.*

face! Could this night with its vi-sions of bliss On - ly last in e-ternal em-

f *rit.*

Tempo I°

brace!

pp

Meno mosso

p *ppp*

Ped.

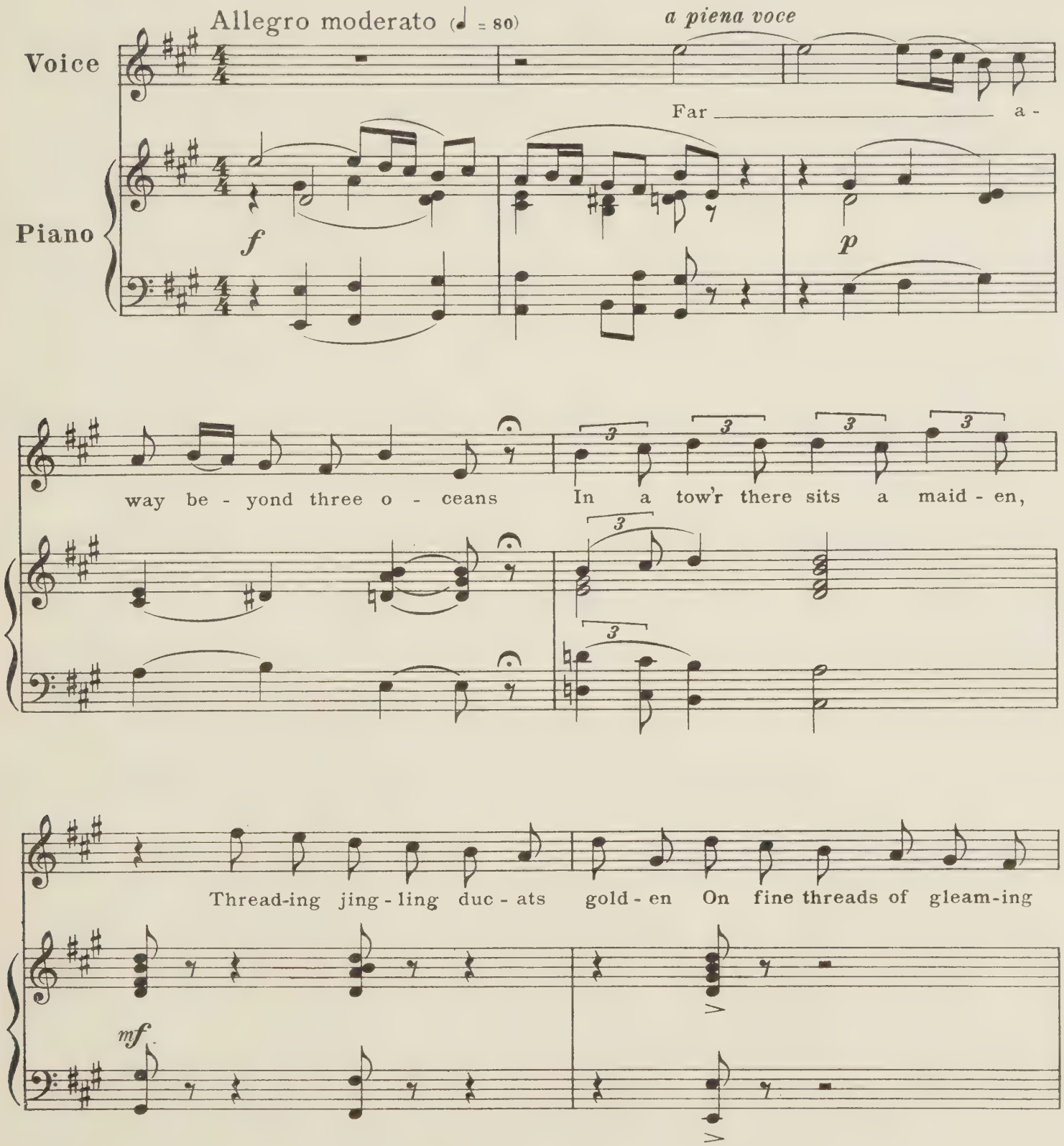
The Maid and the Sun

(Dyéva i Sólntze)

Poem by Maïkoff
From the New Greek Songs

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff. Op. 50, No. 1
(Composed 1897)



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sil - ver. Twelve the threads that she em - broi - ders For the joy of

her a - dorn - ment, Six and six for breast and tress-es; Then she

cresc.

calls un - to the sun - - - - - - - - - light:

Meno mosso

"Sunlight, shine! for I am shining!

Tempo Io

Meno mosso

Sun, a-rise! for I have ris-en!

Tempo I°

Meno mosso e ritard.

espressivo

'Neath thy glow the mead - ows with - er,

p

p

pp

rit. assai

Tempo I°

Poco meno mosso

'Neath my beauty men are vanquish'd. 'Neath thy glow the meadows

rit. assai

sf

sf

p

Tempo I°

f

with - er, 'Neath my beau-ty men are van - - - - -

pp

sf

p cresc.

poco rit.

a tempo

- - - - - quish'd!"

a tempo

poco rit.

f

EASTERN ROMANCE

"The Rose has charmed the Nightingale"

(Vostótchnui Románs: "Plenívshis rósoi, salavyéi")

Poem by A. Koltzóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op. 2, No. 2 (Composed 1865)

Moderato

Piano

pp

l. h.

l. h.

l. h.

3

rit. pp

p dolce

The rose has charm'd the night-in - gale, By day and night he

a tempo

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tells the tale; The rose but hears in si - lent won-der.

p

pp

mf

Thus with his lyre a po - et sings To

mf

p

his young love most ten-der things; But oh! the maid can-not dis - cov-er For

p

f *rit.* *pp*

whom the song, nor why his tune So sad-ly sounds be-neath the moon.

a tempo

f *pp rit.*

l.h. *l.h.* *l.h.*

3

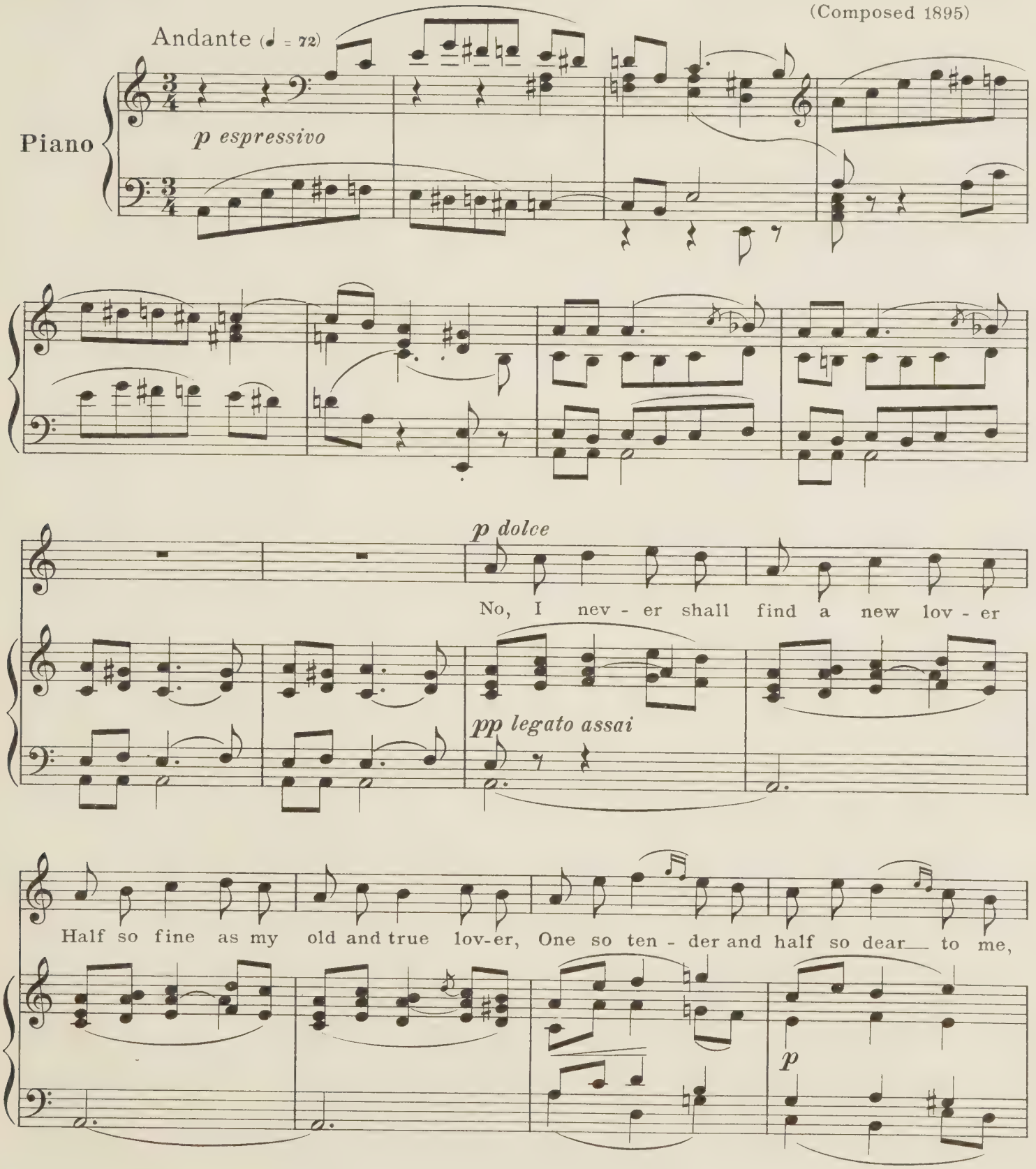
rit. *ppp*

Oxana's Song

(Aria Oksánui)

English version by
Deems Taylor

Music* by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
(Composed 1895)



* From the opera "Christmas Night" (Notch péred Rozhdestvóm); the text adapted from the Little-Russian novel by Gógol in "The Evenings on a Farm near Dikánka".

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più f

So in-dul-gent, or half so kind. Would that ev - er he might be near to me!

sempre legato *p*

p

Such an - oth - er I'll nev-er find. Why did I not for-

pp

ev - er hold to him? Why was I so un - kind and cold to him? Come you back, oh my

poor, for-lorn lov-er, Quickly come to the maid who loves you so!

espress. *p* *p*

p

Oft at mass he would come and gaze on me,

p

poco cresc.

While I mused and for - got to pray; — Strange the tricks that my fan-cy plays on me

poco cresc.

mf espressivo

Since my dear lov-er went a - way. — When I'm bus - y, I long and sigh for him,

mf

dim. *rit.*

When I'm i - dle, I mourn and cry for him, How I sigh for him! How I cry for him!

dim. *rit.*

a tempo
dolce

No, I nev - er shall find a new lov-er Half so fine as my old and true lov-er.

a tempo

pp

He was so ___ ten-der and so good - hearted, He was so ___ lov-ing and so_kind!___

p

Would that ev - er he___ Might be near to me!___

sempre legato assai

Such an-oth - er I'll nev-er_ find. Why did_ I___ not for-

pp

ev - er_ hold to him? Why was I so un-kind and cold to him? Come you back, lad, ___

Come you back, lad, ___ *rit.* To the maid who loves _____ you so! Come you *a tempo*

a tempo

rit.

poco a poco rit.

back, ___ lad, dear___ lad, Come you back for - ev-er, dear-est lov - - er

poco a poco rit.

dim.

mine! _____

a tempo

pp

"Like to the sky serenely smiling"

("Kak nyebesá tvoi vzor blistáyet")

Poem by Lérmontoff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff. Op. 7, No. 4
(Composed 1867)

Andante (♩.= 56)

Voice

Piano

p

pp

Like to the sky se-

rene - ly smil-ing, Thy glance is blue and

clear; Like to a kiss with soft be -

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guil - ing Thy young voice lures mine_ ear.

mf

For one sweet word thy lips have_ spo - ken, For thine en -

r. h.3

chant-ing_ glance, Would I lay downthis glo-rious_ to-ken, My proud Gru - se - nian_

f *sf* *sf* *rit.* *rit.*

lance.

Tempo I°

mf *l.h.* *pp* *l. h.* *l. h.*

p

Like ____ to the sky ____ se - rene - ly smil-ing,

l. h. *l. h.* *l. h.* *l. h.*

Thy glance is blue and ____ clear; Like ____ to a

l. h. *l. h.* *l. h.* *l. h.*

pp

kiss ____ with soft ____ be - guil-ing Thy ____ young

l. h. *l. h.* *l. h.* *l. h.*

rit.

voice lures ____ mine ear.

l. h. *rit.* *l. h.* *dim.*

p *ppp*

The Song of the Bride

(Piésnia Lubáshi)

English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

From the opera "The Tsar's Bride'
(Tsárskaya Nevyésta) Composed 1899
By Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff

Largo assai (♩= 48)

Voice (unaccomp.)

Help me, dear-est moth-er, to don my bri-dal gown; Soon they come to lead me be-

neath the mar-riage crown. I'll no long-er grieve thee, my woe I shall not tell; To my true be-

lov - ed I've said a last fare - well. Loose the band that now holds my silk - en

tress - es fast; Stretch me on my cold bed, that I may sleep at last.

(Interlude)

Piano

Voice (unaccomp.)

Wind a shroud of lin - en a - bout my snow-y breast, Cross my arms be - neath in thei

pale, e-ter-nal rest; Light the wax-en ta - pers and place them at my

head; Call my gray old bride - groom and bring him to my bed.

May he stand in awe, may he won-der by my side,

As in vir - gin beau - - - ty sleeps his pal - lid bride.

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Sadko's Song of Glorification

(Velitchálnaya Pyésnya)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

From the dramatic legend
(Opera-Builína) "Sadko"
By Nikolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff (1896)

Moderato (♩. = 72)

Voice

Piano

pp

dolce

1. Blue is the o - cean, change - less and
2. Heav'n burns with sun - light, down here is

sempre legato

bound - less, Vast depths of wa - ter,
sun - light; Heav'n gleams with moon - light,

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sun - less and sound - less. Vast realms of
down here is moon - light; Heav'n glows with

più f

mf

o - cean, what man shall mea - sure?
star - light, down here is star - light;

p

pp

Dark glow-ing cav - erns, em-'rald and a - zure, Who was your build - er?
Heav'n has its twi - light, down here is twi - light; Heav'n has its thun - der,

cresc.

cresc. poco

Who is your mas - ter? 'Tis the do - main of the O - cean-King!
down here is thun - der: All that is force in the U - ni-verse!

f

dim.

f

1-2. Glo - ry to the O - cean-King! Glo - ry to his Queen,so_ ra - diant!

f

Glo - ry to the Prin - cess_ Vol - kho - vá!

cresc.

sf

3. That sun that burns_ here, lo! 'tis the ar - dent King!

p

sempre legato

That moon that gleams here, lo! 'tis the

ra - diant Queen! Those stars bril-liant-ly glow - ing,

p

lo! are the eyes of the Prin - cess! Lo! the

un poco marcato

pur-ple of twi - light, 'tis the smile of their fa - vor!

Lo! the cloud of the tem - pest, 'tis the

frown of their an - ger!

f *dim.* *p*

f

Glo - ry to the O - cean-King! Glo - ry to his

mf

Queen, so ra - diant! Glo - ry to the Prin - cess Vol - kho -

- vá!

f

f

3

3

ff

Hail to thee, blue o - cean,— change - less and bound - -

sf

f

- - - less!

sf

Arabian Melody

(Arábskaya Melódia)

English version by
Deems Taylor and Geo. Harris, Jr.

Words and Music by
Alexandre Borodíne

Allegro passionato (♩= 100)

Voice

Piano

p

dolce

Do not

poco rit.

dim.

r. h.

l. h.

Ped.

Andante amoroso (♩= 66)

leave me, be - lov - ed! Oh, in dreams ap-pear to me!

p

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dolce

— Let me know love's sweet ma - gic,

p dolce

poco rit.

sweet - est pas - sion for thee!

Allegro passionato (♩= 100)

poco rit.

p

a piena voce

Oh, —

poco rit.

dim.

r. h.

l. h.

Ped. ✻

Andante (♩ = 66)

give me thy pit - y, I___ pray___ thee!_____ The___

poco più p

mf

spell of thy beau - ty will___ slay___ me!_____ I am

dolce

p

pp *cresc.* *poco accel.*

lost_____ in a sea of burn-ing pas - sion for thee! See, I

f poco

pp *cresc.* *poco accel.*

f

allarg. *rit.* *allarg.* *assai ten.*

die, my be - lov - ed, if there be no hope for me,___

allarg. *rit.* *allarg.* *assai ten.*

Tempo I°

— Oh, to die! Death were

p

sweet - - er,— death from pas - sion for

poco rit. e dim.

poco rit. e dim.

Allegro passionato (♩ = 100)

thee!

p

dim.

r.h.

l.h.

Ped. ✻

Over the Steppe

(Styépyu idōō ya ōōnúiloyu)

Poem by A. Pleshtchéïeff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchaninoff
Op. 5, No. 1

Andante (♩ = 52)

Voice

Piano

p

f

poco marc.

Sad lies the Steppe_ in its sol-i-tude; Night comes on shad - ow-y

pp

wings; Nev - er a tree nor a flow-er-let,

p sempre

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Nev - er a night-in-gale sings.

Dark - ly the night knits her som-bre brow,

lugubre

mf

No - where a star___ in the skies.

poco string.

Hard - ly I know___ why so

p

mf

poco string. e cresc.

sud-den - ly

Vi - sions of thee now a - rise:

ff con libertà

Vi - sions of thee,

a tempo

my be - lov - èd one,

a tempo

dolce

ff *colla parte*

mf

mf

Lim - pid and fair as the day;

p

Smil - ing up - on me thine

p

pp

cresc. poco

cresc. poco a poco

3

im - age brings

Bright - ness that pierc - es the gray.

tr

a poco

tr

ff

Comes now the song of the night - in-gale,— Melt - ing a - way like a

f

sigh; Flow - ers are nod - ding ca - ress - ing - ly,

p

dim.

pp

molto rit.

Stud - ded with stars is the sky.

a tempo

molto rit.

a tempo

mf

8

poco rit. e dim.

pp

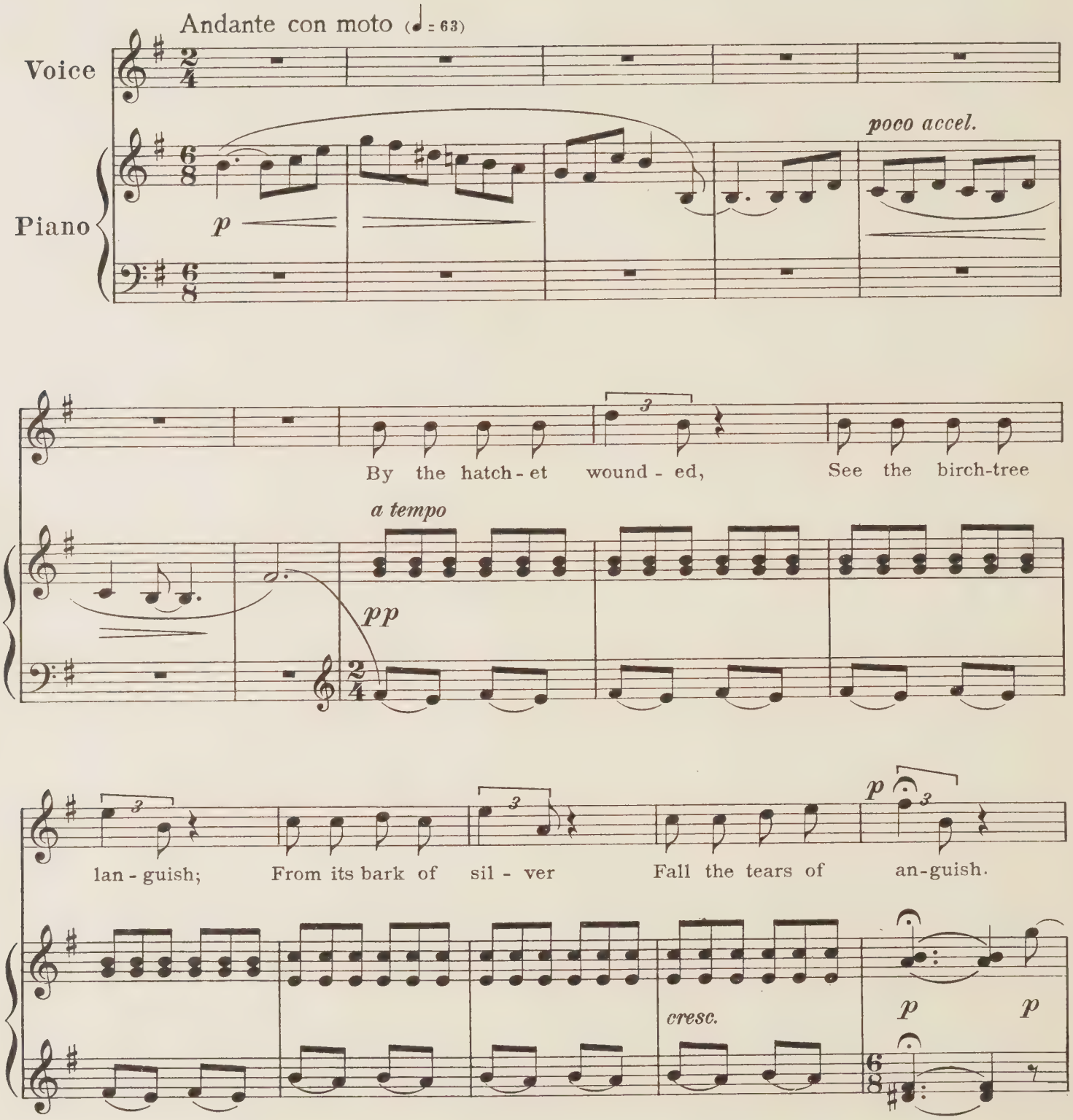
* It is a custom of singers in Russia to hold this note and make a gradual decrescendo with no break before the next phrase. The effect will be found very appropriate.

The Wounded Birch

(Óstroyu syekéēroi)

Poem by Count Alexis Tolstŏï
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchanínoff
Op. 1, No. 2



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p.3

Do not weep, do not weep, O birch-tree, Cease thy mourn-ful

mf

cry - - ing! Sum-mer soon will heal thee; Birch, thou art not dy - ing!

p

rit.

a tempo

In thy lof-ty glo - ry Thou shalt greet the mor - row.— But a heart once

mf

rit.

a tempo

pp

wound-ed Fades be-neath its sor-row.

un poco sfz

p

mf

My Native Land

(Kraï tui moï)

Poem by Count Alexis Tolstóï
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchaninoff
Op. 1, No. 4

Largo (♩ = 52)

Voice

Piano

Home - - land mine, my na - tive land!

Allegro (♩ = 126)

Beat - ing hoofs of hors - es, Scream of ea - gles in the sky,

Howl of wolves in win - ter!

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Largo

ff

Hi! thou na - tive land of mine!

f

Allegro moderato e tranquillo

p

Dream - ing vir - gin for - ests, Mid - night songs of night - in - gales,

p

Più animato

p molto cresc.

ff

Wind - - swept fields and mead - ows!

fp

sff *sff*

Cradle-Song

(Koluibélnaya)

Poem by A. Lérmontoff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchanínoff
Op. 1, No. 5

Andante con moto (♩ = 58)

Voice

Piano

p

p

Sleep, my dar - ling,– sleep, my star - ling,

a tempo

p rit.

pp sempre legato

Bye, my ba - by, bye,— Bye, my ba - by, bye! Soft - ly glis - tens

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Moon, and lis - tens, From the lof - ty— sky.

cantabile

dim.

ten.

Cra - dle swing - eth, Moth - er sing - eth, Fair - ies ga - ther nigh;

p

p

Eyes— are fall - ing, Dreams are call - ing: Bye, my— ba - by,— bye! Bye -

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*

a tempo

p rit. *rit.*

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo* *ten. a piacere*

bye, lul - la - by.

a tempo *a tempo*

rit. *pp* *smorz.* *ppp*

In the Silence of Night

(V' moltchányi nótchi táïnoi)

Poem by Fet
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 4, No. 3

Lento

Voice

Piano

mf

ppp

pp

f

Oh,

mf

f

rit.

pp

mf

in the si - lent night I see your

p

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vi - - - sion near - ing, With your ca - ress - ing voice,

mf

p

your art - ful smile, smile en - dear - ing,

mf

p

mf

p

p

Your hair that I was wont to stroke,

pp

mf

your hair in flow - ing strands of black: How oft I bid you

pp *mf*

go, how oft I call you back!

cresc. *f*

f

pp *con moto*

The phras - es of the past a- -

con moto

p

dim.

r. h. *l. h.*

pp

cresc.

-new I try to fash - ion, I whis - per and re-call the

cresc.

f

words that voiced our pas - - sion; Wild and de-spair-ing,

f

cresc. e rit.

I sum-mon past de-light, With your be - lov - ed name I

cresc. e rit.

fff

wake the si - lent night! With your be - lov - - ed

l. h.

fff

fff

dim.

name I wake the si - lent

dim.

più vivo

mf

night! Oh,

p più vivo

p

in the si - lent night I see your vi - sion near - ing;

pp

p

With your be lov - ed name I wake the si - lent

rit.

pp

rit.

a tempo

night!

a tempo

ppp

ppp

The Isle

(Ostrovók)

Poem by Konstantín Bálmont
(after Shelley)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 14, No. 2

Lento

Voice

Piano

mf

Far out at sea an is - land lies, With gen-tle slopes and flow-ring mass-es,

p *legato*

p

And mead-ows gay with but - ter - flies And vio-lets and sweet grass-es.

più decrescendo e più rallentando

mf

p *ten.*

A-bove spread leaf-y can - o - pies, With scarce a rip-ple stirs the o - cean,

mf

p

p

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mf *p*

Like dream-ing sta-tues stand the trees, With nei-ther sound nor mo-tion.

dim.

pp

Here Na-ture ev-er seems to smile,— No storms a - rise, no winds come sweeping;

pp

Meno mosso

ten.

p *mf*

So lies there tran-quil-ly the isle,—— For - ev - er

pp

pp rit.

calm-ly sleep-ing.

a tempo

rit.

ppp

"God Took from Me Mine All"

(«Vsyo ótnyal o͞o minyá»)

Poem by Fyódor Tyútcheff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 26, No. 2

Tempo moderato (♩ = 96)

f agitato

Voice

Piano

God took from me mine

mf cresc.

all, in judg - ment stern: Took

p

dim.

un poco accel.
cresc.

f rit.

free - dom, air and sun - shine, strength and

un poco accel.

cresc.

rit.

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health.

a tempo

ff

a tempo

f

mf

Ped.

mf più commodo

Lo, thee a - lone He left, my on - ly

p

Ped.

p sempre rit.

wealth, So that I still to Him in prayer

colla parte

dim.

sempre - rit.

p

ten.

— may turn.

l.h.

r.h.

mf

r.h.

l.h.

dim. e rit.

pp

Ped.

Ped.

The Soldier's Bride

(«Poloobéēla ya na petchál svayú»)

Poem by A. Pleshtchéïeff
(after the Little-Russian of Shevtchénko)
English version by
Deems Taylor and Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 8, No. 4

Adagio sostenuto

Voice

mf

To my sor - row I fell in love with him, With a

Piano

p

poor or-phan, home - less and pen - ni - less. Such the fate that

f

mf

now has be-fall - en me! Now the hand of man has di -

p

f con moto

mf con moto

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ff

vid - ed us; Far a - way they dragg'd him to

f

Meno mosso

f

serve the Tsar. As a sol-dier's wife all a-lone am I,

p

mf rit.

I shall end my days in a stran - ger's house:

f

ff 3 *ten.* *mf* *ten.* *mf*

Such the fate_ that now_ has be-fall - en me! Ah!_____

p *p*

Ah!_____

rit. *p*

rit. *pp* *ppp*

"As Fair is She as Noonday-Light"

("Aná, kak póldyen, kharashá")

Poem by N. Minsky
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 14, No. 9

Lento

Voice

Piano

f

pp

As fair is she as noon-day light,

More mys - tic than the night deep - sleep-ing;

p *cresc.* *f*

Her eyes have nev-er burned with weep - ing,

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p cresc. f

Her soul has felt no sor - row's blight.

mf

In vain

sfz pp r.h. l.h.

Ped.

f p

I vow her my de - vo - tion, In

pp

cresc. ff mf

vain my heart yearns ev - er - more; Oh!

cresc.

rit.

accel. rit.

pp cresc.

p f dim.

a tempo

Thus, weep-ing, woos the rest-less

pp cresc.

Ped.

p mf

o - cean The ev - er si - - -

pp

ff

- - lent, pla-cid shore.

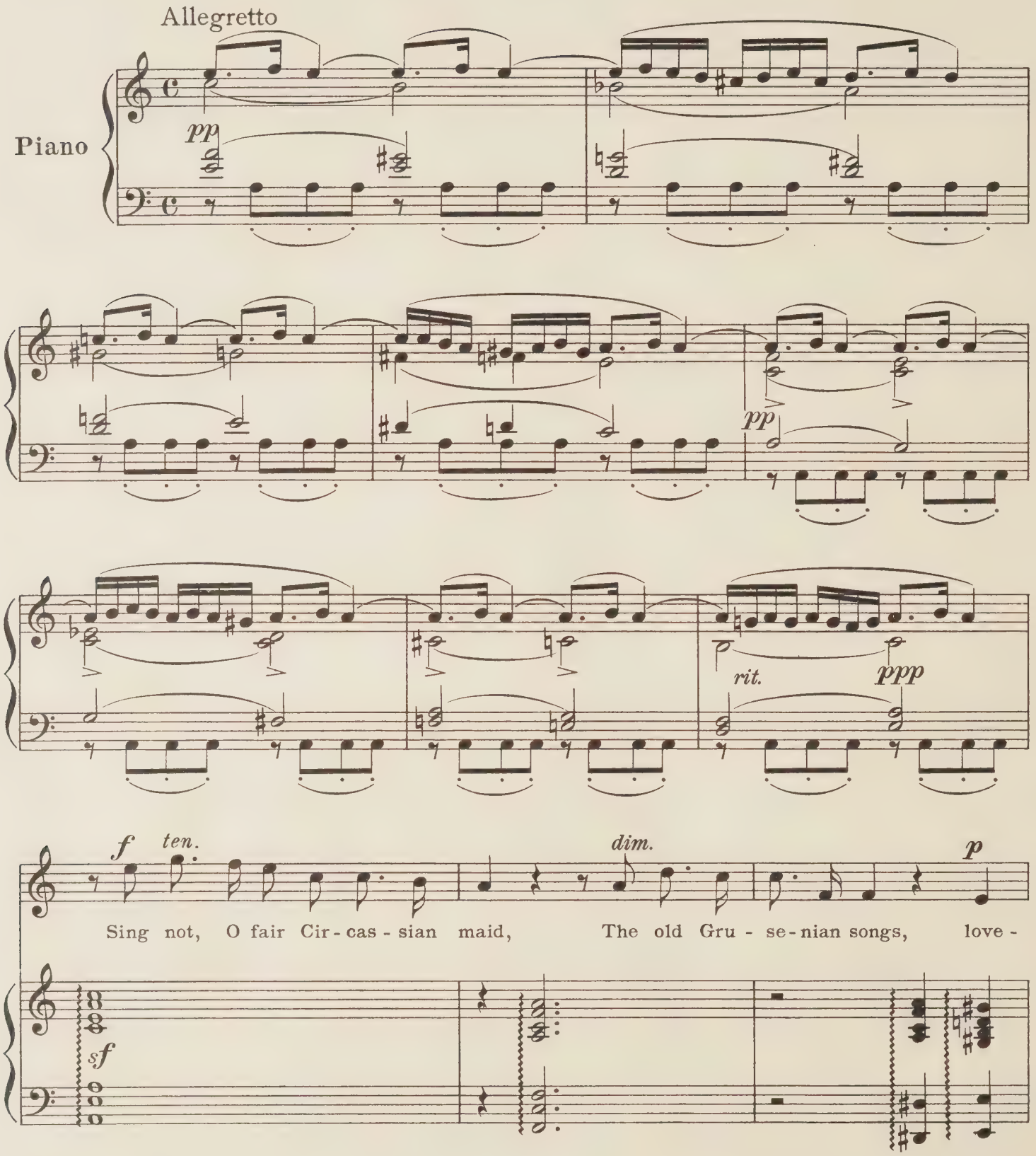
pp sffz p

The Songs of Grusia

(«Nye poi, krasávitza»)

Poem by Púshkin
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff.
Op. 4, No. 4



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ten.

mf

haunt - ed; They on - ly fill my soul with dreams

pp

p

Of dis - tant shores

sf

pp

Meno mosso

and life un-daunt - ed.

mf

p

cresc.

A - las! thy wild songs

f Tempo I°

f

p

tear my heart, Their notes with mem - o - ries are la - - den Of

mf

pp

rit.

ten.

plains, of nights be-neath the moon With my be-lov - ed, long - lost maid - en!...

rit.

colla voce

Meno mosso

Such

mf

Tempo I° *cresc.*

f

vi - sions, mem-'ries of my youth, I ban - - ish,

mf

see - ing thee be-fore me. But now thy song

un - locks the past, And once a - gain the spell is

o'er me. Sing not, O fair Cir - cas - sian

maid, The old Gru - se - nian songs, love - haunt - ed; They on - ly

pp

fill my soul with dreams Of

ppp

dis - tant shores and life un - daunt - ed.

mf

ppp

pppp

mf

"The Lord is Risen"

(«Christós voskrés»)

Poem by
Dmitri S. Mereshkóvsky
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Sergéï Rachmaninoff
Op. 26, No. 6

Moderato (♩ = 58)

Voice

Piano

mf p mf

mf p mf

"The Lord is ris'n!" His praise is ring-ing, But in my

p mf pp mf

soul is naught but shame. Blood fills the world and tear-drops

p f Meno mosso

mf p cresc. f

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ff

sting - ing, And at the al - tar this loud sing - ing Seems like an in - sult to His

cresc.

ff

f

Tempo I° *pp*

name. And should He choose the

dim.

mf *dim.*

pp

cresc.

f

wor - thy from us Who should e - ter - nal light at - tain, He

un poco cresc.

mf

Più vivo

cresc.

ff

would but find Hate has o'er-come us And broth-ers wran - gle, to His pain;

p *cresc.*

f

mf *cresc.* *ff* *dim.*

And should He come to where is ring-ing "The Lord is ris'n" from one and all,

p *cresc.* *ff*

ff *poco a poco rit.* *dim.* *f* Tempo I°

Be-fore the host what tear-drops sting - - ing Would fill His sad

f *poco a poco rit.* *pesante* *ff* *f cresc.*

cresc. *ff dim.*

eyes, at our fall!

ff *mf*

f *p* *rit.*

mf *perdendo* *pp*

M
1619
S35M3

Schindler, Kurt (ed.)
Masters of Russian song

Music

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